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DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE is the Marco Polo of the nineteenth century. Marco unfolded the wonders of Cathay to the astonished Venetians, while Livingstone is revealing to us, with a long, calm patience, the mysteries of the heart of Africa. Marco inspired the ambition of Columbus, and gave a splendid theme to Coleridge; perhaps when Livingstone returns, gray and worn, to the civilization which has so long awaited tidings of him, bearing the secret of the Nile, he too will become the hero of future epics and the exemplar of other daring and illustrious explorers. But a greater contrast, in character and purpose and social standing, than that between the gay-hearted Venetian who, late in the thirteenth century, gazed with rapture upon the fairy-like glen of Badakshan, which seemed as though it might have been the real Eden, and the calm, resolute Scotchman who is even now seeking the fountains of Herodotus, could not be fancied. Marco was a man of the world; whose ancestors had been inscribed in the Libro d'Oro, the favorite of princes; a soldier

and a politician. His travels were adventurous; he sought pleasure in the perils of un-

exploration. Livingstone, born in obscurity and self-educated, buries himself for years in

tropical marshes and jungles; going on his way soberly and steadfastly; submitting meekly to hunger, disappointment, and illness; confronting danger with tranquil courage; having a great purpose ever before him—the discovery of truth and the religious regeneration of a race. The heroism of the one was the heroism of a courageous and curious Venetian cavalier; the heroism of the other is the heroism of a sober, dead-in-earnest, self-abnegating Scottish puritan. Fame was a delight to the one, who loved the applause of courts and the favor of princes; it is apparently indifferent to the other. The one travelled to adorn a tale; the other to search out wondrous secrets of inestimable value to human learning, and to open a continent to Christian truths.

The indomitable Scotchman, who justly claims our veneration, was born in the year 1817, on the picturesque banks of the Clyde, between Glasgow and Loch Lomond, where he must often have gazed in childhood on Ben Lo-



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

known lands, and his sensuous Venetian soul lingered with delight among the far Oriental beauties which beset his strange course of

often have gazed in childhood on Ben Lo-

mond's bald and towering crest, and on the castellated crag of Dumbarton. His family was, like that of Burns, humble, but of good descent and sterling virtues. The father was a small tradesman at Hamilton, too honest, as his son says, ever to become rich; and, as soon as David was old enough to do something for his own support, he went to work in the cotton-factories of Blantyre. He was a "weaver-boy" from the age of ten to his nineteenth year, beginning as a "piecer," and gradually rising in the scale of factory dignities till he became a full "cotton-spinner." There, amid the whir of the wheels and the splash of the waters, while he was weaving the warp and woof of the material fabric, he was also, in his inner self, weaving the warp and woof of a studious, earnest, firm, and unselfish character. Deprived of schooling by the poverty of his family and the necessity of self-support, he would work all day at the mills, and delve half the night into books; then he worked all summer, and devoted himself to study in the winter. He read ravenously; read religious books, books of travels, Latin grammars, geography, and finally perused and learned by heart the Odes of Horace and the Georgics of Virgil. Books, when they are beloved, breed ambition. David began to look longingly beyond the horizon of factory-life. He yearned to see the world; to live in it, to do something in, possibly for it. His aspirations were little, if at all, tinged with selfishness. Nature made him for a traveller, by taste and capacity; and, perhaps, visions of far-off climes and unimagined earthly beauties partly lured him from his staid Highland home. But the predominant feeling was one of anxiety to accomplish a good work; to do a high duty; to assuage suffering, carry unheard-of blessings to forlorn humanity, and to add to the stock of man's knowledge, and hence of his opportunities to help his kind.

After leaving the factories, Livingstone, who did not see an immediate opportunity of fulfilling his cherished wishes, studied medicine, which his savings enabled him to do; he was admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, but a change of purpose induced him to take up theology. At twenty-one his future career was fully settled, communicated to his family, and the preparations for it begun. He had made up his mind to become a missionary, and to seek the most cheerless and perilous of missionary fields. With this intent he applied to the London Missionary Society, by whom his indomitable and earnest qualities were speedily recognized; was examined, and entered at the missionary training-school at Chipping Ongar. Here he remained two years, engaged in studies especially adapted to missionary culture. Then he was ordained as a minister, and admitted as a candidate for assignment. From the time that he had conceived the ambition for a missionary life, his thoughts had turned to Africa as his appropriate field; it was with deep satisfaction, therefore, that that strange and unexplored continent was designated by the society as his first destination. He left England and reached Port Natal, on the Cape, in 1840, and, without delaying at that British settlement, pushed promptly

into the interior; but at Port Natal he became acquainted with Dr. Moffat, a veteran missionary, whose friendship was afterward to be so happy an incident of his African life, and whose daughter he married four years after this first meeting. He proceeded seven hundred miles inland to the remotest missionary station then existing, at Kuruman, in the Bechuana country. This was Dr. Moffat's residence, and Livingstone was introduced to what he then supposed to be the work of his life by that excellent and active man. He took the young Scotchman into his household, and together they sought converts among the savages of the neighboring tribes. But Livingstone, although the idea of making great explorations was yet immature in his mind, had no idea of settling down amid the comparative comfort of a regular station. He soon made up his mind to penetrate northward, into unknown regions, whither the most intrepid missionaries had not hitherto ventured, and accordingly advanced to the land of the Backwains, establishing a station in the beautiful valley of Mabotsa. He lingered in this region nearly four years, returned then to Kuruman, where he married Mary Moffat; retraced his steps with his bride, and found fresh fields of labor at Chonuane and Kolobeng. His pursuits here occupied him five years longer; and in 1849 he had to look back upon nine years of strenuous and far from fruitless missionary toil. It was in 1849 that a rumor to the purport that beyond the desert there lay a vast inland lake called Ngami, inspired his first famous exploration. Livingstone had not abandoned his habit of persistent study. He had occupied himself with the language, the customs, and the religious beliefs of the tribes with whom he had mingled; he had become inured to the climate, and accustomed to savage life; and he fully realized the importance of geographical and especially of African discovery. He was well qualified for the task which he now decided to undertake—the discovery of Lake Ngami. He started with a company of English and natives, on the 1st of June, 1849; his cavalcade comprised eighty oxen, twenty horses, and twenty men, fully provided with arms, provisions, and presents. They passed through jungles and wildernesses, through countries where tribes were as often hostile as friendly, across deserts where their thirst was only assuaged by the *broekwa* or the watery roots of the kengwe; followed the serpentine Zouga for two months, and were at last rewarded, on the 1st day of August, with a view of the great inland sea, having a circumference of seventy-five miles, of which they were in quest. They pushed on for two hundred miles farther, and there established relations of friendship with the Makololos, which were afterward to be of important service to him. He returned thence to Kolobeng, where he had left his wife and children; and undertook a second journey over the same route, accompanied by his family. But fever attacked the party, and Livingstone brought his family back to Kuruman. A third time he essayed the desert, this time also with wife and babes, passed the great lake, and reached the borders of the Makololos, when fever once more threatened them, and he was forced to retire

again before its menace. He now directed his steps to Cape Town, and for the first time in ten years found himself in a civilized European community. Here he suffered the first serious domestic pang of his married life; for his wife and children sailed for England, and he felt left alone in the wilderness.

The second epoch of his career as an explorer commenced early in 1851. Free now of the beloved encumbrances of his household, he projected an expedition which dwarfed its predecessors to insignificance. He proceeded across the desert and by Ngami, and reached Makololo in safety. He discovered on this expedition the now historic Zambesi, long supposed to be one of the keys to the sources of the Nile; and after remaining with the gentle and friendly Makololos for a while, engaged in missionary labors among them, he finally set out on the perilous and wonderful exploration which was to make him famous through the world. He was accompanied by the chief of the Makololos, one hundred and sixty picked men of the tribe, thirty-three canoes, and ample equipments. The party passed northward, and then westward, and, after a journey of two years' duration, Livingstone exulted in beholding the western coast of the continent, and knew that he had performed the feat of crossing Africa, through regions hitherto untrodden by European or Asiatic, from ocean to ocean. The task which he had set for himself was but half completed. After remaining a while at the seaport of St. Juan de Loanda, the party began their return march, in May, 1854; and, aided now by some familiarity with the route, and a more definite foreknowledge of the dangers to be encountered, and the wants to be supplied, they reached Makololo again in fifteen months after their departure from the coast.

Livingstone, instead of proceeding to his old post at Kolobeng, took his route from Makololo toward the eastern sea-coast, along the banks of the Zambesi, and reached Quillimane late in May, 1855. In the following July he set sail from that port, landed at the Mauritius, where he remained until November, when, at last, he turned his face toward home. He arrived in England on the 12th of December, having been continuously absent from his native isle for sixteen years. He had gone thence, a stalwart youth of twenty-three; he returned, a somewhat grizzled, browned, and wrinkled man, verging on forty. His fame had long since preceded him, and his reception must have touched even his modest and simple nature. The freedom of cities was presented to him in gold boxes; the great universities rivalled each other in conferring on him the degrees of LL. D. and D. C. L.; the Geographical Society honored him, society feted him, and *savants* and men of ancient lineage eulogized him; foreign associations sent him medals and diplomas of honorary membership; and the queen summoned him to a private audience at the palace.

After remaining in England and Scotland a year and a half, during which period he published his first volume, "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa;" delivered several courses of lectures on the sub-

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ject of his explorations; and attended a great banquet in his honor, at which his new and afterward intimate friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, presided—Dr. Livingstone once more took passage, in March, 1858, for the scene of his lonely and fruitful labors. His accounts had stimulated the curiosity of geographers, the ambition of adventurous explorers, and the sympathy of the British Government and public; and on this occasion he set out accompanied by a number of men of science, who were to join him in an expedition to explore the sources of the Zambesi. The second epoch of his career as a discoverer began with his arrival, in May, upon the east coast of Africa. The party followed the course of the Zambesi for several months, and reached the great lake Nyassa late in September, 1859. They remained in the region of this lake for two years, engaged in minute explorations along the tributaries of the Zambesi, with the grand ulterior object of discovering the sources of the Nile always in view. Early in 1862, Mrs. Livingstone arrived on the coast, and made the perilous journey inland to meet her husband. Her arrival made him very happy, but his delight was soon to be turned into the deepest gloom. The faithful wife, prostrated with fatigue and fever, died at Shupanga, within three months after her reunion with her husband, and her remains now lie, under a wide-spreading banyan, beneath the banks of the Zambesi.

Livingstone remained nearly a year longer in the Lake-Nyassa region, returned again to Zanzibar, and set forth upon a new expedition in January, 1863. On this occasion he was aided by a river-steamer, provided by the government, and sent to him from England. Having concluded the exploration intended, he crossed from the east coast of Africa to Bombay in his steamer, which he navigated in person, his crew comprising the meagre equipage of thirteen men. From Bombay he proceeded once more to England, where the welcome accorded to him was as enthusiastic as before.

With the aid of his brother, Charles Livingstone, he busied himself with the preparation of his second book on African travel, entitled "A Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," including the account of his explorations between 1858 and 1864, which he dedicated to his zealous friend Lord Palmerston, then prime-minister. The explorations of the Nile which, during his absence, had been undertaken by Grant, Speke, and Baker, seem to have stimulated his ardor afresh; for his stay at home was brief, and he again turned his face toward the tropics on the 14th of August, 1865, armed with consular privileges—he was commissioned consul at Tette, Senna, and Quillimane—and having more than one object in view.

Since the period of this last setting out, only one white man, besides his personal attendants, has set eyes on him—Mr. Stanley, of the *New-York Herald*, "the discoverer's discoverer."

On his departure from England, his two great purposes were, to examine into and expose to the world the rapidly-increasing East-African slave-trade, engaged in mainly by the Turks, Arabs, and Persians, with the

mercenary coöperation of the dusky Sultan of Zanzibar; and to make a definite and persistent attempt to unravel the most puzzling of geographical mysteries—the source whence proceeded the historic Nile.

He intended to reach, if possible, the upper shore of Lake Nyassa, and to ascertain if its waters were in any manner connected with those of the great Lake Tanganyika, northwestward of it; and by this trail he hoped finally to discover the sources of the Nile. In the year following his departure, a letter from him reached his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, who published it in March, 1867. Owing to a report which had been brought to the coast by the Johanna men, who had accompanied Livingstone to the interior, that they had left the great traveller dead, a search expedition, under the command of Edward Young, left England in June, 1867, and arrived on the banks of the Zambesi on the 25th of July. Six weeks later, they had reached the lower end of Lake Nyassa, where they received convincing proofs that the Johanna men were false, and that Livingstone was safe and sound in the neighborhood of Ujiji. On the 30th of March, 1868, credible intelligence of Livingstone's continued safety reached Dr. Kirk, the English consul at Zanzibar; but between that date and July, 1872, no news came from the indefatigable traveller. In 1871, another search expedition was fitted out, under the auspices of the British Government, with the view of finding him, if he were yet alive. But in the mean while the editor of the *New-York Herald* started Stanley, one of his correspondents, on his travels, and enabled an American to snatch the triumph of Livingstone's discovery from the hands of his own countrymen. Stanley set out in the summer of 1871, and, after a perilous journey, full of the vicissitudes of illness, lack of provision, the hostility of savage tribes, and the threatened attacks of wild beasts, at last stood in Livingstone's presence at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, on the 10th of November. He remained with Livingstone from that time until the 14th of March, 1872, when, after leaving the doctor well provided for a two-years' further sojourn, he returned toward the coast, reaching London early in August. Stanley describes Livingstone, when he met him, as seeming "worn out, broken down, and baffled, by worry, disappointment, and longing." During the interval between 1866 and 1871, the explorer had been constantly engaged in persistent endeavors to solve the mystery of the Nile; he had made many expeditions, which often miscarried by reason of their too great cost, illness, and the hostility of the natives; the increase of his stock of knowledge had, however, gone on steadily, and he had become aware of many important facts relative to the rivers, lakes, and water-sheds, which he supposed to have some connection, directly or indirectly, with the Nile. The arrival of Stanley provided him at once with an adventurous comrade, and with means for pursuing the projects which he had been forced to suspend. They travelled together to the head of Lake Tanganyika, where they discovered that the river Rusizi flows into it; that this lake is not, as

Livingstone had supposed, connected with the Albert Nyanza; and that Tanganyika is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The main result of Livingstone's latest explorations is thus stated by Stanley: "There are three lines of drainage in the central region of Africa which he explored. The first was that discovered by Speke and Grant; the second is supposed to be constituted between Lake Tanganyika and Lake Albert Nyanza, discovered by Baker; the third and grand line of drainage is that discovered by Livingstone, known under the names of the Zambesi, the Luapula, and the Luabala, which are all names of the same river at different points." The inference is, that this triple-named river forms the Upper Nile, that its source is the Nile source, and that thus the Upper Nile is a stream proceeding from lakes. Livingstone's purpose was, after Stanley left him, to explore a tribe who live underground, to search for certain fountains of which he had heard in the northwest, and which he imagined might be those mentioned by Herodotus as the source of the Nile, and to find the connecting links between his own and Sir Samuel Baker's discoveries. The work which lay before him he expected to effect within two years; and, the sources of the Nile once discovered beyond a doubt, he hoped to penetrate northward through Egypt, and once more reappear—this time to remain—in his own land.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

GARDEZ LA FOI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE KENT."

I.

IT was such a face as Millais loves to create—a delicate, rose-bud face, full of spirituality, tinged with color—one through which the soul seems to look out in bits. "I want to go so much," she was saying, in the very tone of voice in which I have heard a dozen other girls say it; "only I haven't a single fresh dress to wear, and I do want to look pretty to-night, and I can't look pretty in an old dress."

She had barely finished speaking, before the door opened, and John Ash, the waiter, came in to hand her a card. It read "Douglass Orme."

"I would like to have you go, Georgy," began Mrs. Ward, looking pale and harassed, and she was just about to add something else when Aunt Judith shook at her, behind Georgy's back, a warning finger.

"Who's down-stairs?" asked Aunt Judith.

"A man," said Georgy, as the door closed between them.

"Douglass Orme," read Aunt Judith, plucking up the card which had fallen on the floor. "Do you want a good reason for the girl's going to the Carrolls' to-night, Mary Ward?"

"You can't find a good one," almost whispered Mrs. Ward. When she said that in her little, wearied way, Aunt Judith shook the card in her face almost enthusiastically. "Can't find a good one?" she repeated, the color very much inclined to come and go in her wrinkled old face. "You one-eyed, stu-

pid woman! are you going to be a mole all your life?"

"No, nor an owl either," retorted Mrs. Ward, with unusual vigor; but she soon relapsed into her wonted weariness. "O Judith," she said, "I wouldn't mind about this sudden misfortune, this poverty that is coming, if it wasn't for Georgy; but she has been used to so much. Before to-day, I never was obliged to refuse her any thing; and now I cannot even give her a new dress. I cannot keep her here, where she belongs. I must take her away to—"

"But this doesn't help us along at all. It has nothing to do with the party; and that's the thing I want to talk about," broke in Aunt Judith. "Now, don't spend your time in meeting sorrows half-way. They'll come to you soon enough without your seeking after them. To talk Douglass Orme or not to talk Douglass Orme, that is the question for us to consider just now."

Mrs. Ward looked around helplessly at this rather theatrical speech, as though seeking to escape from the cage of some wild animal. "You are so strong-minded, Judith," she faltered.

"It's lucky for you and yours that I am," said the decided Mrs. Mercer. "Yesterday, you were rich, and belonged to society—to-day you are poor, and find yourself thrust out in the cold. You have had some fine chances for rich sons-in-law—and now you find yourself reduced to one; and he, an honorable man, is wriggling to get away. Hook him!"

"I'm not a cow," answered Mrs. Ward, with dignity.

"No, I don't know that you are. You are a still more inoffensive animal. I don't believe you could hook any thing if you were to try. Mary, you are real good, but you were not made for corners. Now, I'm not real good, and I was made for corners. They are sharp, but I am sharper; we cross blades like a pair of scissors. I ought to have been born a man."

"Yes, you ought to have been born a man."

"If I had, wouldn't I have—ah well! that is not what I want to talk about. Let us talk about Douglass Orme instead; and for five reasons. You see, I count fast, namely, he's handsome; he's eligible; he's talented; Georgy loves him; and he's worth five hundred thousand dollars—I know it!"

"You know every thing."

"Well, Mary," was the reply, "you do happen to stumble on the truth sometimes. Do you see this card?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Good for you! because it means business. It means that Georgy must go to the Carrolls' to-night, even if she should have to come home barefoot, like Cinderella."

"But it does seem dreadful to let her go, Judith, when we are in such trouble; and she must know every thing sooner or later. I know her well; and, although she is so fond of dancing and wearing pretty dresses, yet she has good sense underneath all that, and a strong will and purpose, and would no longer desire to go, if I were to tell her how matters stood."

"But you will not tell her."

"Her father—" began Mrs. Ward, feebly.

"I'll settle it with John," said Aunt Judith. "He'll understand me, if you don't. What would you say if Georgy should come home to-night engaged to Douglass Orme?"

"I would say my prayers!"

"And you would have occasion to say them. He's the man for Georgy, and he knows it as well as I do. I wasn't in the library for nothing when he came yesterday morning; nor did I hear every word he said to her in the next room without pondering the same in my heart. And as for the notes which he has sent her lately day after day, and which I took the liberty of reading for her good, you may be sure that I had wit enough to find out in them what the young man's meaning was."

"You have no right to read Georgy's notes," interrupted Mrs. Ward, with more than her usual decision.

"I don't know about that. I keep my notes locked up, and always did, where nobody but myself could get to them. She don't do that. She isn't as wise as I am, and have been ever since the day I was born, or she would have taken good care that I should never have had the chance of reading them. I always make it a point to take advantage of another person's carelessness, when I can."

"I am afraid you are a very, very bad woman, Judith!"

"That may be the name which you call me, because of my little idiosyncrasies, and the petty foibles of my character. But I don't like nicknames. I am one of many, and belong to the backbone of the world. Without such as I am in it, everybody else would be babies sucking their thumbs."

"That would be better than taking advantage of one another, Judith. Do you ever say your prayers?"

"I'll answer that question next Sunday—remember to ask me. To-day is Tuesday; 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Let us talk Tuesday talk. Will you chaperon Georgy to-night, or shall I?"

"If she is to go," sighed Mrs. Ward, looking still pale and troubled, "it will be against my wishes, and against all propriety. Ignorant as Georgy is of the troubles before us all, she will enjoy herself, no doubt. If I should go, I should be almost broken-hearted. No, I will not go; I shall remain at home. You must take the entire responsibility, Judith, of Georgy's going."

"I'll do it, and you'll bless me for having done it."

"But the dress," ventured Mrs. Ward, catching at a last straw. "The old dress will keep her at home."

"No, it won't; I'll fix all that. I'll tell my maid to go out and get some tulle and white rose-buds, and, by eight o'clock to-night, Georgy won't recognize her old blue silk, when I've decorated it with those pretty trifles. I'm going to shoot Douglass Orme with white rose-buds. Isn't that a poetical idea?—Ah, well! Mary Ward, if you do look at me as though I were an escaped giraffe, yet I've got sense enough to know how men like this eligible Orme are snared sometimes. Now,

listen to me, and don't stare so hard. You know I am rich. If this man Orme doesn't propose to Georgy, either some time during this day or evening, I'll promise to leave her all I'm possessed of, especially as I don't know another soul that I should care to leave it to. Besides which, everybody is soft enough to love somebody, and to gratify my softness I love Georgy. If Orme should marry Georgy, I dare say I shall love him too."

"You musn't be disappointed if he doesn't," again ventured Mrs. Ward, getting her words in edgewise. "You know, he visits at the Hildreths' a great deal, and I did hear, not long ago, that Lottie Hildreth—"

"Lottie Hildreth is a—well, a white-faced sheep! She is a know-nothing! But what's the good of mentioning her name even in the same breath with Georgy? Georgy Ward—blue silk, tulle, white rose-buds—versus the Hildreth girl—pug nose, scarlet silk, and yellow roses. I'll bet on Georgy Ward!"

"Judith, for an educated, travelled, talented woman, you do talk in such a half-slanguy way, that—"

"That you can't keep up with my two-forty pace. Well, no wonder. The motions of your brain were never among the swiftest of the subtleties—and mine invariably wear seven-league boots. Now, I'm going up-stairs to send Ellen after the tulle. God bless you, my sister!" and the door closed behind the mocking old woman, and Mrs. Ward drew a long sigh, whether of relief, apprehension, or despair, it would have been hard to say. Meanwhile, Georgy had carried her Millais-face down to the drawing-room. She was just about to enter, when she heard the door-bell ring. She had scarcely stepped over the threshold to meet her guest, who proved to be Douglass Orme, and who had already advanced half-way with extended hand and joyous face, before another man, Charley Demain by name, followed her in.

"I have come to ask you to dance the German with me to-night at the Carrolls," Demain said, as soon as decency would permit. You haven't danced it with me once this winter."

"She has not danced it once with me," said Mr. Orme.

"I am not going to the Carrolls," replied Georgy.

"Not going?" echoed Charley Demain, in his boyish way; "then I'm not going!"

"But you don't need a new dress," explained Georgy.

"Oh! is that the trouble?" was Demain's rejoinder, and then added: "Please don't let that keep you at home; wear that yellow one I like so much."

"It isn't yellow, it's maize-color, and I've worn it already three times, and I am tired of it, of course."

"I can't see it," said the young man; "and believe me I am not tired of it.—Are you, Orme?"

"Yes, I am," said Orme, tartly.

"Oh, how I wish mamma could hear you say that—in just that strong-minded way!" Georgy exclaimed; "it would do her so much good, and might turn her ideas right side up, for she has been trying to persuade me that it is just the dress to wear, because it be-

comes me, she says, but I say it doesn't, and, besides which, it is as old as sin."

"Then you want to look particularly well to Mr. Orme?"

"If Mr. Orme is everybody's name, I do. I hate to stay at home, and I scarcely know what else to do."

"Wear your yellow—your maize-colored dress—it is awfully becoming. If you'll wear your maize-color, I'll promise to keep you in countenance; I'll wear the same black dress which I have worn to every party this winter."

"I think you might, with good grace, allow the pleadings of this remarkably persistent young man to prevail," said Mr. Orme.

"Don't patronize me, Orme; from you I can stand any thing but that.—Miss Georgy, won't you promise to dance the German with me to-night?"

"This shall be my motto to-day: '*Je vis en espoir*.'"

"That is French, and an ugly motto. I want a more decisive one. Can't you suggest one, Orme?"

"I have only one; it is my ewe-lamb; I could not lend it to you—neither would you appreciate it."

"Lend it to me," said Georgy.

"Handle it tenderly, please; it is French, and it is only three words—'*Gardez la foi*.' The words were nothing, but the voice said a great deal.

"It is better said in French," remarked Charley Demain, "for then it does not mean much."

"No, it wouldn't mean much to some persons even in English," observed Mr. Orme.

Shortly after this he went away, evidently annoyed to find how persistent Mr. Demain was in monopolizing the conversation and playing the sentimentalist to Georgy, who, to all appearance, returned the shallow nonsense with usury.

The upshot of the dialogues, both upstairs and down, was Georgy's going to the Carrolls' that night, and dancing the German with Charley Demain—over a volcano, too—a most uncomfortably dangerous place to dance it over, but one which suited her mood that night amazingly well.

To say that Aunt Judith's metamorphosis of Georgy's blue silk was a success, would not adequately express the meaning of Mrs. Mercer's smiles when Georgy came downstairs to show herself to her father and mother before putting on her wraps.

"White moss rose-buds and tulle," said Mrs. Mercer, in an under-breath of ecstasy; while she herself, poor soul! looked like a cut-and-dried old fright, in green brocade and yellow lace. Meanwhile—

"Georgy," said she, "what was the name of that woman who lived on Mount Olympus, and poured out Jove's wine?"

"Pretty waiter-girl," said Georgy, with much wicked innocence.

"Hebe," began Aunt Judith, suddenly inspired; but Mr. Ward, who, until now, had remained seated quietly in front of the fire, with his face buried in his hands, and not looking once at Georgy or Georgy's pretty dress, turned his head abruptly and broke out:

"Judith, take that girl up-stairs and put something over her shoulders." Then, in a milder tone, to Georgy: "Go and change your dress, my daughter; you had better stay at home to-night."

"Why, papa?" asked Georgy, kneeling down at his side, and slipping both arms caressingly about his neck.

"Do you want to go very much, my daughter?"

"I expect such a good time, papa! It is the big affair of the season, you know; everybody is going—I mean all our people—and that dear fairy godmother, standing there in her green brocade, has made me look so pretty—only look at me, papa!"

"Get up from your knees, Georgina Ward—you are crushing your dress!" exclaimed Mrs. Mercer. But Georgy did not heed, neither did Mr. Ward, who put one arm tenderly about the kneeling girl, and one hand upon her head, among the puffs of bright brown hair.

"Would you want to go to-night, my darling, to this party, if you should be obliged to come home like Cinderella?"

"The prince—the prince!" almost shouted Aunt Judith.

"Yes, I believe I would," said Georgy, looking up into her father's face so wistfully, so puzzled, that it made his already burdened heart ache. "But, papa," she eagerly inquired, "why should I come home to-night like Cinderella more than any other night? What makes you talk so strangely and look so pale? I will not go, papa, one step, if you would rather that I should stay at home."

"Georgy, get up," interposed the authoritative old godmother, croaking in her green brocade, "and stop playing the rôle of that ugly little plaster image of *Samuel*, on the mantel-piece. Your knees are digging holes right through your dress.—And you, John Ward, behave yourself. It's time we were off."

"Shall I stay at home, papa?"

"The prince—the prince!" again shouted the green godmother.

"I will stay if you want me to, papa."

Then John Ward pushed her away from him a little, with averted face.

"Go, my darling—go, and go quickly."

"I will not go unless you kiss me, papa."

"Won't you kiss me, too, papa?" implored Aunt Judith.

And, as Georgy got up from her knees, she threw her evening-cloak about the girl's shoulders, pushing her, at the same time, toward the door.

"Now, I don't want any more of this nonsense," she said. "So, my pretty baby, gather your swaddling-clothes of tulle and rose-buds together, and get into that carriage without more ado."

All the way to the Carrolls', as they went rattling through the streets, she lay back in her corner. Georgy could not help thinking over this strange scene, and wondering at her father's white face, his troubled manner, and her mother's anxious smile, which she had so vainly endeavored to make reassuring, until she began to wish that she had not come; that she had remained there, sheltered in her father's arms, until he had thought

good to intrust her with the secret of his misgivings. The doubt as to the right or wrong of her conduct still clung to her, causing her heart to ache not a little, and for the first time since—since—well, she could not remember when. Moreover, it continued to ache during the whole ride, and even after she got out of the carriage and ran up-stairs to the dressing-room, and heard the music of the waltzes floating up, and stood there to allow the maid to pull out her dress and recatch the rose-buds here and there.

"You do look so lovely, miss!" said the maid.

"Do I?" she replied, mentally echoing the compliment, and surveying herself in the Psyche, in whose page she saw how the blood was tingeing her cheeks, how brightly her hair shone, and then, glancing down to the sea of white tulle, beheld the rose-buds floating here and there in the foam.

Lottie Hildreth was in the dressing-room and a lot of other girls as beautiful as a bouquet of flowers; but Lottie Hildreth shone more resplendent than any of them, in a necklace of diamonds and a white-silk dress brocaded with pink azalias.

"That girl is like the lump of meat thrown down into the Valley of Diamonds, which, when drawn up, was found to be crystallized with them," whispered Aunt Judith, viciously, to Georgy, as they went downstairs. "Diamonds and brocade on a girl of twenty! Why didn't her father pin his bank-book on her panner, with all the checks filled out?"

But Georgy did not hear; the music, the flowers, and her father's white face, were haunting her like avenging ghosts at a banquet. Her heart forgot its aching, though, when she entered the reception-room, and, having spoken to her hostess, found herself in the room beyond, where the waltz-music was throbbing, and the men stood about, eager to dance with her.

"I didn't get the waltz you promised me last night," said Bertie, Douglass Orme's cousin, as they crowded up to her.

She did not require any more urging after that, but was off with him, to the music of Strauss, with all the rest of her evening engaged, and not one chance for Douglass Orme, whom she could see dancing the Boston in his graceful way with Lottie Hildreth, who certainly did dance well, even when attired in a toilet of diamonds and brocade which were once her grandmother's.

"There is nothing equal to the Boston," said Bertie Orme, gayly, by-and-by, when they had tired themselves out. "But it is such a queer, tantalizing, lovely step, it took me a century to learn it. I tumbled into it; I didn't learn it."

"Everybody tumbles into it; it comes by inspiration, not by method," said Georgy. "Only look at Johnny Carroll and his partner trying to get it by method; they are plunging about as though they were trying to pick something up off the floor. They might as well kneel down at once. Isn't it queer that all good things come from Boston?"

"That's what the Bible says, I believe; but I am so glad that the Common and the Big Organ know what's proper, and keep at

home. The Peace Jubilee came, you know, but Boston picked it out of Revelation too soon; the United States is a pleasant pasture surrounding Boston Common, isn't it?"

"I dare say it is, but I've forgotten my geography and such things already, you see."

"Well, pardon the digression, Miss Georgy. Have you seen Douglass to-day?"

"Yes, this evening."

"Did he tell you big secrets?"

"Only the biggest one—that it was a pleasant day."

"Nothing about Miss Hildreth—about his proposed new relationship to her—"

"This is my waltz, I believe?" was the sudden interruption of Charley Demain; and, without further words, Bertie Orme was left standing there alone, and Georgy was flying about, neither seeing nor hearing any thing, and only intent upon keeping her feet moving as fast as she could. She had grown strangely pale, and hung very heavily on Demain's arm, as the last bar of the waltz struck into silence, and she found herself close to the bow-window, which was hidden by a profusion of flowers and curtains. "You look tired already," observed Demain, as she sunk into a chair close to the flowers, where she could rest partially concealed from the merry dancers. "We ought not to have danced that waltz straight through; you ought to save yourself for the German; I enjoyed it so much that I couldn't help forgetting you have been out nearly every night this week, and must necessarily feel tired. Will you let me sit here beside you and talk to you?" said he.

"Yes," was the absent reply.

"Have you heard of Orme's engagement?"

"Yes."

"Are you surprised?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought much about it." (It was such a harmless fib, God forgive her, I think.) "Only see how perfect that orange-blossom is! I don't believe Miss Hildreth will wear orange-blossoms; she will wear diamonds. Don't you think she dances beautifully?"

"Yes. But about orange-blossoms—you like orange-blossoms, Miss Georgy?"

"Perfect ones."

"I love perfect ones, too. I wish you would wear some for me, Georgy, and think they are perfect."

"I shall never wear them."

"For me—will you not wear them for me? I have thought about it so much, so longingly—don't shrink away—you know what I mean—what I've tried to say to you many times, but you would never let me—"

"Don't! don't!"

Saying this, she put out her hand with a little gesture of appeal, and half arose. As she did so, Douglass Orme passed close to her, Miss Hildreth hanging on his arm, and looking up into his face. Georgy sunk back into her chair suddenly.

"Georgy, please listen to me; please help me to say it."

"No, no; don't say it—don't ever say it!"

"I wanted to say it this morning, only

somehow I couldn't. I have been saying over and over again to myself to-day, 'Je vis en espoir.' You gave it to me, Georgy!"

"I take it back. There—go and dance—go—please go!"

"Georgy, if you only knew how dearly I love you—"

"Will you give me this galop, Miss Ward?" said Douglass Orme's voice over her shoulder.

"I am engaged to—to Mr. Carroll," Georgy somehow managed to answer, just as Charley Carroll's ugly, good-natured face came in sight; and she almost loved it for coming and taking her away from both these cruel men, whose faces and voices made her feel strangely dizzy and sick.

It grew to be such a long, long evening, so tiresomely strange, that in after-days Georgy never liked to think of it. It oppressed her like the gloomy thought of death and the grave, where there is no hope of a hereafter. By-and-by, supper came. Then she tried to eat, and could not; and presently the music of the German began to drown all the hollow, brassy things those men would persist in saying to her.

She thought that, if she could only be excused from talking, and might dance all the time, she could get along very well, until the end of the evening should come—the end which she was so longing for, and which time seemed spinning out to infinity on purpose to spite her.

It was in the middle of the flower-figure that, as she sat literally covered with bouquets, looking flushed, and besieged by two or three men, Douglass Orme, who, repulsed by her several times during the evening, had stood until now afar off, watching and trying to understand her, came close up to her and Charley Demain.

"Will you give me the pleasure of a short turn? May I not have at least one of the crumbs?"

"I am so tired!" Georgy answered, smiling brightly at him; "I have just refused two or three—"

"Please don't refuse me. See, I have brought this bouquet for you; for, although you have already a great many of them, yet I know you like tea- and tube-roses best, and this bouquet is composed entirely of your favorites. Will you not accept it?"

"Give it to Miss Hi—I don't know—I am going home almost immediately; Aunt Judith must be very tired."

But he would not be snubbed this time; snubs had lost their savor. He stood there, keeping the other men off persistently, until she had no longer either the will or the power to rebel.

But it was not long before this beautiful sphinx began to hate both herself and him, when she found, despite her intentions to the contrary, that his arm was about her, and that her feet were keeping time and measure to the easy, gliding motion of his. At the back of the dancing-room there was a smaller one, hung with light-blue-and-silver tapestries, and dedicated to the worship of Cupid, and to all sorts of sentimental uses. Here it was that he brought her—she never knew how—in the very heart of the waltz.

"I couldn't help it," he attempted to explain; "you have not given me the slightest opportunity to speak to you this evening. Has it been intentional?"

"I really don't know; I haven't given myself the trouble to think. I have been having such a good time, I couldn't help being selfish. I have thought of nobody but myself."

"What ails you? what is the matter?"

He came close to her now, where she leaned negligently against a marble statue of Cupid, her hands toying idly with the bouquet of tea- and tube-roses—the color flaming brightly in her cheeks. During all the evening she had been thinking that, if he should come and speak to her in the old way, she could not help letting some of her heart-sickness show itself either in her face or her manner; but now she began to wonder at herself, at her cold composure, her outward calm—all but the trembling of her hands, which she felt he would not notice, since she kept her fingers so busily engaged with the tube-roses.

"I overheard what Demain was saying to you among those curtains," he went on. "That five minutes alone there with him seemed to change you. When you first came down-stairs to-night, you smiled at me the sweet, sunny, and loving smile which always quickens my heart into raptures. But, after that five minutes with Demain, you did not smile again. Indeed, you have seemed to take a special delight in giving me the cold shoulder, if you will pardon the expression. Georgy, you don't care more for Demain than you do for me, do you?"

"Yes, a great deal more. He is my best friend."

"You have given me many hopes that I might aspire to that high honor, Georgy. I cannot believe you to be as false as you are trying so hard to make me believe you are."

She laughed a horrid little laugh then.

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten about '*Gardez la foi*.' How well you have remembered it. As Charley Demain says, it is French, and it doesn't mean any thing."

"You don't mean to say that I may never have any hopes now of being your best friend?"

"I mean just that."

He did not answer her any thing. He only stood and looked down at her for a little while without moving a muscle or speaking a word. Then he offered her his arm, still with his eyes fixed on her face. She accepted it, and they went back to the dance of death, and the music which preluded an endless despair. The rest of the evening was a blank to Georgy until Aunt Judith came and took her away up-stairs. It was in a half-blind way that she allowed the maid to put on her wraps, that she crept down-stairs after Aunt Judith, to be put into the carriage by Charley Demain.

"Why didn't Douglass Orme put you into the carriage?" Aunt Judith asked, as they went rattling off. "What have you been doing to-night? Oh, what has come between Douglass Orme and you?"

"He—he—is engaged. I could not accept attentions from an engaged man."

"To whom is he engaged if it isn't to you?"

"He will never be engaged to me—he is engaged to Lottie Hildreth."

"You fool of a girl!" almost shrieked the fairy godmother, half jumping up and snatching wildly at nothing; "what are you babbling about? It's his cousin who is engaged to that diamond-sign, it's Bertie Orme. O girl! girl! you have broken my heart; you've destroyed your own self; you are indeed being driven home in a pumpkin, and by rats and mice."

There was a little choking sound in the opposite corner of the carriage, a half-gasping sigh, as though poor little Cinderella's heart was being snapped in two, and the god-mother, hearing it, and remembering, even in the midst of her wrath, to what misery other than that of Douglass Orme the child was being driven home, managed, for once in her life, when it was best, to hold her tongue. That she held it between her teeth, I do not doubt.

II.

BERTIE ORME and his wife were traveling, six months later, on their bridal tour, in a most unorthodox manner, among the western hills of Massachusetts, *en route* for the east, and had stopped for a day at the picturesque village of A—, caught like a nest in among the crags of the mountains; and, while here, in some way the rumor which they heard long ago gained strength, that it was among these very hills, in this very village, that Georgy Ward had buried herself and her mother immediately after the great disaster of her father's failure and death. "She is teaching school in the village," said Bertie to his wife, when he returned, toward night, from a voyage of discovery in that pretty retreat where they had decided to remain overnight. "All the people are in love with her, they say, because she is so good and kind to the children. One old man—the village doctor, I believe—whom I found smoking his pipe in the tavern-porch, says he doesn't like the looks of her face, it is so white and suffering, and she has had one or two attacks of illness since she came to A—. Lottie, only imagine Georgy Ward, the prettiest girl that has been seen in New York this many a long day, the loveliest dancer, the—"

"Take care," here interposed his wife Lottie, in too good-humored a voice for jealousy, "you have told me too often that I am the prettiest dancer you ever saw, and now—ah, well, we won't fight about it, for she is in trouble and I am not—Bertie, can we do any thing for her?"

"I am afraid not. I wish Douglass was here; if I were quite sure that she cared any thing about him, I would send for him—he's the only one that can help her. There was some trouble between them last winter, just as our engagement came out, which I never could understand. But this I do know, that they suddenly broke with each other. You remember that the last party she attended in New York was Mrs. Carroll's—the very next day her father's failure was announced, quickly followed by his illness and death. I am real

sorry, for I always hoped to have had her for a cousin, some day; but the most impossible thing seems more probable now than that."

"What time do we start to-morrow?"

"About twelve o'clock. Whatever became of that old aunt of Georgy Ward's—the woman who talked slang with impunity, because she was so rich and in reality knew so much? At least, the people took the latter for granted. She had a tongue warranted like a spool of cotton two hundred yards in length."

"She still lives in New York. She is such a horrid old woman—always doing good with her left hand, and saying disagreeable things. Bertie, I shall go and see Georgy Ward in the morning; for, although I never knew her very well, yet I can't find it in my heart to pass her by." And in this wise it happened that, as Georgy sat on the following morning in her country school-room, with the second class in arithmetic doing fractions in hieroglyphics on the black-board, the door of the school-room was pushed gently open, and a strangely-familiar face looked in. "May I come in?" said the voice, which she had known as Lottie Hildreth's.

It was a great shock to her—the sight of this face, the sound of this voice, resurrecting ghosts which she had not faced for a long, long time. But she had grown used to shocks now; so she was quite able, after one little, hurried gasp, to answer, "Yes—come in." Then, for the first time since that dreadful night months ago, when Georgy's happiness had died such a violent death, the two girls stood with clasped hands, looking into one another's eyes.

"I was passing through A—, and I couldn't help coming to see you," Mrs. Orme said, not minding the gapes or the stares of the children at all, but persisting in putting her fat arms as far as she could about Georgy's neck. "I really wanted to see you—ain't you a single bit glad to see me?"

"I am so unused to see people whom I once knew, that I don't exactly know how to treat you," Georgy replied, smiling very, very faintly, and feeling that it was quite a battle to maintain composure. "Will you sit here by the desk until I get this class through, when we shall have a recess? We shall have a better opportunity to talk then."

The opportunity came after fifteen minutes of patient waiting, during which a much-amused, red-haired boy, Johnny by name, did his best to jumble the denominator and the numerator up together in a most confounding manner, thus demonstrating his utter incapacity to multiply three-fifths by seven-eighths.

"Don't you ever get tired of these Johnnies?" Mrs. Orme asked, as the red-haired boy went to his seat in disgrace, and thence presently to the play-ground in front of the school-house, while Georgy sat down in her official chair, her cheeks grown suddenly and vividly pink, her thin, wee hands nervous. "I am afraid this life is too much for you."

"It is bread-and-butter," she replied, smiling very, very faintly.

"But one isn't hungry for bread-and-butter always," ventured Mrs. Orme; but, seeing the pink color come and go, she hesitated be-

fore she began again. "Bertie is here; we came yesterday"—then it was her turn to look a little red.

For the first time Georgy looked at her, as though catching at a straw of self-control. "Ah, yes, you are married; I read about it the other day in one of the New-York papers. I always liked Mr. —, your husband. It is a long time since I have seen him. You will be very happy, I know."

"I believe we shall," said Mrs. Orme with fervor, and looking for one instant as simple and true as though she was not blazing in a light-blue travelling-dress, with innumerable diamonds splashing among her finger-joints, and half a dozen blocks in the very heart of New-York City photographed in the general magnificence of her attire. "We are now just as happy as we possibly can be. Bertie is so devoted—so blind to anybody but me; he never looks at another woman; indeed, I wish he would get tired of looking at me sometimes—before strangers it is so embarrassing. You know he was always in love with me—love at first sight, so he says—but it was all one-sided; it took me such a long time to get used to noticing him, until after a while I began to see how really good and nice he was, then I couldn't help it. Don't you remember the night our engagement came out—the night of Mrs. Carroll's splurge? Oh, how long ago that does seem—doesn't it?"

"Yes," Georgy managed somehow to gasp, "very long ago."

"I wish you were back among us, and away from this horrid, stifling little school-room and that red-headed boy, who doesn't know any thing. It is no fit place for such as you, Georgy Ward, although, as Bertie says, you always were a splendid—"

"Yes, it is my fit place, Mrs.—Mrs. Orme; it will be my fit place always; I may feel jammed for a little while, but I shall grow to the situation."

"Where is that—where is your aunt, Mrs. Mercer, Georgy? Why doesn't she come and take you away?"

"Because I would not go. Aunt Judith has no claims upon me; no right to take me away unless I should choose to go; and I never would choose to go in—in—that way."

"Not your mother," began Mrs. Orme; and, when she said that, she stopped, upon seeing how the spirit went out from Georgy's face, the fire from her eyes.

"She is not well; indeed, she suffers a great deal. I thought the mountain-air would invigorate and do her good. The doctor said it would, but I don't know. I get worried sometimes. I seem to see her growing weaker and weaker, farther away from me. We are living here with a cousin of mamma's—a sort of half-farmer, half-artist—who is very kind to us; indeed, he got this position for me, and I am so thankful for it."

Real tears glistened in Mrs. Orme's eyes as she leaned over to lay her hand impulsively on Georgy's, saying:

"I cannot stay here any longer. I only wish that I could. I always liked you so much, and now I like you all the better for being so brave and patient—you are so unlike everybody else. There is one thing I don't quite understand, and that is, why God

has picked you out to be so unhappy, when you deserve a different fate." Then she talked quite a while longer, ringing various changes on Georgy's nerves, until it came time to make the recess-bell heard in the play-ground, and the hands of the clock warned her that, unless she stopped talking, the cars would start off without her, and Mr. Orme, also, *minus* his rib.

When Johnny Sands came into the school-room, in obedience to the ringing of the recess-bell, with his face as red as his hair, the result of a very animated game of cross-tag, he could not help noticing, stupid as he ordinarily was, how pale and weary Miss Ward looked, as she motioned him to his seat; how staring her gentle eyes had grown, as though gazing through him to some astonishing things beyond.

"She looks at me as though I was a Chinese lantern or some fourth-of-July fireworks," thought Johnny, growing nervous and a little uncomfortable, as he peeped furtively at her over the dog-eared leaves of his Colburn's arithmetic. "I wish she'd look at some other boy that way. I wonder if she's found out I've got a jumping-jack in my desk, and wants to shame me?" But, although the jumping-jack lay on Johnny's mental stomach like a lump of dough during the remainder of the morning session, yet Miss Ward's strangely staring eyes failed signally to determine its existence; and Johnny, growing bolder as time wore on, began to realize that, instead of worrying about his lump of dough, she had one of her own to worry about, and no time to attend to it.

It being Wednesday, and a half-holiday for the school-children, Georgy was free, by noon-time, to go home, and pass the remainder of the day as she pleased. On her way home she stopped at the post-office, where she was rewarded by having placed in her hands quite a bundle of mail-matter for her cousin, John Savage, and a very square-looking letter addressed to herself. She knew very well whence it came, so she did not open it until she had left the village far behind, and was climbing up among the rocks of the farm wilderness. Just as she came in sight of her cousin's half-farm-house, half-villa, perched on a ledge of limestone overhanging the valley, some of the weariness which had been causing her heart to ache so dully during the past two hours, compelled her to seat herself for a moment's rest by the road-side. Her Aunt Judith's letter made faces at her from among the confusion of mail-matter, and Georgy took it up with a little sigh—half-gasp—to break the seal.

"I have let you alone long enough," thus it ran, "and I can't stand it any longer, but am coming to see you. I am staying at B—, where there is plenty of sea-air, see every thing, and lots of nonsensical girls, who wear ball-dresses from one o'clock Monday morning until twelve o'clock Sunday night, and men who grow into eye-glasses, white trousers, and English side-whiskers, and never come out again. I am getting tired of these excrescences of fashion, and propose to take a run up to A—, to fetch you and your mother back here with me when I return, to

make life bearable. You may expect to see me in a week's time—like a banshee, I thought I would give you warning. Love.

"JUDITH MERCER."

When she had finished reading it, Georgy folded the letter in a most despairing, utterly-wretched way, and leaned over to bury her face in her hands. "If she would only stay away," she moaned; "if she would only let me get happy again in my own way; if she would only let me alone." Then she stopped moaning, and sprang to her feet, as though all her thoughts were nerves, and the very sight of the letter pinched them. She was very pale, as she walked up to the farm-house porch, where Mrs. Ward sat in a rocking-chair, propped up by pillows.

"Any letters?" queried Mrs. Ward, eagerly.

"A dozen for Cousin John, and one for me from Aunt Judith," bending down to kiss the invalid's uplifted face. She left Aunt Judith's letter with her mother, and went in to carry the rest of the mail to Cousin John. She found him in his rough studio, hard at work on a valley-sketch. When she came in, he turned his smiling, good-natured face to look at her. "Oh ho!" he cried; "got a headache, puss?"

"Yes, and plenty of letters for you."

"I am real sorry about the headache. I wish the doctor hadn't gone. You need looking after. You are not the kind of a girl to rough through this life."

"I am full of bones," Georgy managed to say to him with a smile.

"All chalk," said Cousin John; "your head is your only strong point. It won't crumble, however hard it's pressed."

"What did the doctor say about mamma?"

"He says she needs a change; she's a very sick woman. You might as well begin to realize it. I am going to send both of you away, Georgy, to some sea-side place. The doctor wants her to have the sea-air. How soon does the summer vacation begin?"

"In less than a week," Georgy answered, clutching at the back of a chair for support. Then her voice wavered, and, just as Cousin John's wife came in, the tears came too in a violent gush. "Let me cry," she sobbed, "let me cry; it will do me good. I've been wanting to all day;" and, it being the first time they had ever seen her give way to her misery, they were considerate, and did not attempt to essay immediate comfort.

"She's a brave, good girl," said Cousin John, when the tears were pent back again, and the girl had gone to her mother on the porch outside. "She deserves a better fate. How she has stood it thus far, without showing how really miserable she is, astonishes me."

"It reads just like Judith," Mrs. Ward was saying, meantime holding the letter still eagerly in her hand, and smiling so brightly at Georgy that she forgot to notice how red Georgy's eyes looked, how tremulous her mouth. "It's so good of her to remember us, to come after us—of course we shall go, Georgy."

"You want to go, darling?"

"I don't want much else, I am so tired of staying here. I haven't said it before,

Georgy, because I knew how hard you were working, and how impossible it would be for us to go anywhere. But now that I see a real opportunity to go, if only for a little while, I can't help longing to have Judith come. It will be a nice change for you, Georgy, too. Now, that I look at you closely, I see how pale and tired you are!"

"Don't think of me; think only of yourself, dear," Georgy pleaded, holding fast about her mother's waist with both arms as she knelt at her side, and, laying her cheek against the soft, silver-tinted hair, "I should be happy anywhere with you. You are so much to me. All I've got." Then her voice shook a little, and she had to stop. "Shall I write to Aunt Judith, mamma, and tell her to come?"

"Yes; or she'll come anyway, I suppose, now that she has made up her mind. O Georgy, it will be so comforting to see something of the world again! I am so tired of this life. It is so dull, so monotonous, so full of things I never knew before, and which I don't like. It isn't the place for us, Georgy, indeed it isn't. I would have sent for Judith before, only you would never let me. You are so foolishly independent, so bent upon eating nothing that you don't earn. To think of your earning anything—you! Ah, well! I won't worry about that now; it only makes me weaker. Judith has got so much money, and she's my own sister. Of course, she ought to do for us. You are too proud, too independent, Georgy."

"Yes," whispered Georgy, hiding her face still more.

"The sea-air will do me good," the invalid went rambling on, her pale face glowing, and her lips moving nervously. "The doctor told me to-day I ought to have it, and it does seem just like the hand of Providence to have Judith's letter follow so closely. It makes me almost feel well again to think of seeing Judith, and having her take me away from this awful place (Cousin John won't hear, I am not talking loud). Of course, we sha'n't be very gay. My feelings wouldn't allow that; and our mourning would keep us from it. But we can see people, people I've been used to all my life, and that will be a real comfort. Then you will get some of your color back, and, perhaps—perhaps—" There she hesitated thoughtfully.

On the day following the close of Georgy's school for the summer vacation, Aunt Judith appeared at the farm-house, looking more eccentric, more wise and strong-minded than ever. "I am here," she said; "and I'm going away again, in just three days' time, taking you two pale-faces with me. Talk of country air, country butter, country milk! They are conundrums, and I give them up. So must you—you proud upstart of a girl—you independent bundle of obstinacy—pack your trunk!"

"I shall be back again in a few weeks, with mamma well and strong," Georgy told Cousin John and his wife at parting. "I have got used to work now, and I shall miss it." But, unseen by her, Aunt Judith waved her hand in their faces triumphantly, and winked one of her wicked old eyes. There was a long, tiresome journey to B—, taken by

easy stages on account of the invalid—an arrival at B—, one afternoon, just at the hour when everybody was taking a *siesta*, and thereafter a two or three days' illness on the part of Mrs. Ward. On the third day she became quite convalescent; and Georgy, who until now had not left her bedside, helped her mother to a rest on the lounge, and herself to a seat by the window. This window overlooked the sea, and a party of young girls and men who were playing croquet on the lawn. As she sat there watching the mallets follow the balls, the pretty feet of the girls peeping out now and then from beneath the muslin dresses, and the fresh sea-breeze fluttering the ribbons into a jubilee of color, a party of four people came sauntering down the gravelled walk from the bathing-houses—four strangely-familiar faces to Georgy—those of Bertie Orme; his wife, Charley Demain, and Douglass Orme. Georgy only had time to lean back, concealing herself behind the curtains, before their eyes wandered up to her window, and she saw Mrs. Orme point it out to Charley Demain.

Georgy had been so closely confined to her mother's bedside during the past three days, she had heard nothing and seen less of any of the inmates of the house. Indeed, a torpor, which seemed both of mind and body, had taken possession of her since leaving the scene of her struggles at A—; and now, although she could not help starting a little at the sight of these faces, or having her heart give two or three hot jumps, yet she tried to cheat herself into the belief that both the start and the jumps were but the result of a sudden surprise.

"You did not tell me that—that they would be here," she said, turning to Aunt Judith, who was peeping over her shoulder.

"I understood you too well to tell you that," answered Aunt Judith, patting the flushed cheek, and nodding her head very encouragingly at poor Mrs. Ward's now eager face. "Georgy, how soon are you going to let these people see you—these dear old friends of yours?"

"Never!"

"Never? Ah! but that is foolish, melodramatic, babyish, unworthy of you. What do you mean, you?"

"I came here for mamma's sake," said Georgy, more calmly. "I came here to devote myself to her—for nothing else—did I not tell you so before I came?"

"I am getting well," interposed Mrs. Ward's voice, before Aunt Judith could answer. "Oh, I insist upon your not sifting up here with me all the time. I am getting tired of seeing you look so pale, so thin, and careworn. It will do us both good to be separated now and then. Besides, if you should get sick too, it would be dreadful. No, I am getting stronger—wonderfully stronger. Judith's maid, Fannie, is so kind-hearted, so gentle, she will sit with me when you are away. Georgy, I want you to show yourself more grateful to your aunt Judith, and promise to go down-stairs with her this evening. You can put on your white muslin—you look better in white—you haven't been down-stairs once yet, and it is no wonder you don't eat any thing when you insist upon eating it in such a stifling room as this."

Georgy had sat until now rigidly erect, with her face turned toward her mother, where she lay on the lounge by the other window, the sea-breeze blowing in about her and flushing her cheeks like rose-leaves.

"Aunt Judith told you to say all that, mamma," said Georgy.

"What if I did?" questioned Aunt Judith.

"Then I would not go down-stairs one step, for it would only be to please you and not mamma."

"Georgy!" whispered her mother, faint with astonishment.

"Georgy, I always did like your sincerity," said Aunt Judith. "When I die I will leave you every cent I've got."

"How can you speak so ungrateful to your noble aunt Judith?" almost sobbed Mrs. Ward.

"Don't cry, mamma, for Aunt Judith is laughing, whether at you or me I don't know. I am not ungrateful to Aunt Judith, I am very grateful to her; but, because I am grateful, I am not going to be ruled by her, or made to do things which I don't wish to do. When she dies she may leave me her money if she wants to, but, if she does, she must leave it without conditions. I like Aunt Judith, but I don't care any thing about Aunt Judith's money, only so far as it will buy medicine and nice things for you."

"Georgy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Yes, you ought to be very much ashamed of yourself, Georgy Ward!" exclaimed Aunt Judith, chuckling to herself like an old hen, "for daring to speak the truth. Why, it's as naked as was Lady Godiva, and people who dare to speak naked truths are always sent to Coventry by the world. Georgy, if I were a man, I would kiss you."

"I would rather you wouldn't tease me to go down-stairs any more, Aunt Judith."

"Well, I won't, there's my hand on it. Mind, you are to go down-stairs soon, but it shall be of your own free-will. What shall I say to Mrs. Orme? She insists upon seeing you?"

"I will see her," said Georgy, a little nervously, "up here; if she really wishes to see me, she will take that trouble. I will receive her in the next room—my room—so we will not disturb mamma."

That evening, when the moonlight shone on the sea-waves in silver spots, and the music from the ballroom down-stairs came floating up, stinging Georgy's heart and heating her brain—she had loved the waltz-music so dearly in the old time—Mrs. Orme knocked at the door.

"Mamma is asleep," Georgy whispered in answer. "Come into my room. It opens out from this, and we shall not disturb her."

Then, seated together at the window, looking out on the moonlight and the sea, one in her diamonds and lace, the other sombre in mourning, Mrs. Orme saw how still more pale and troubled the sweet face of Georgy had grown.

"I am so glad you are here," Mrs. Orme said, "and Bertie is glad, too. We hope now to see you very often. You do not intend keeping up here all the time, do you?"

"Yes, mamma needs me to be constant-

ly with her. She suffers a great deal, and I should be wretched away from her. When she gets stronger, we will go down-stairs together; I shall not go before."

"But, dear, everybody is dying to see you. Charley Demain is quite beside himself. He was always so devoted to you, Georgy, I thought you were engaged once."

"No, we were never engaged."

"Douglass thought you were. You haven't forgotten Douglass Orme?"

"No—he always danced so well; the last time I saw him was at Mrs. Carroll's reception."

"Oh, yes, how well I remember that night! I wonder if your mother will be well enough to come down to our private theatricals next week? Mrs. Mercer has promised to write a play for us—she is so clever."

"Aunt Judith!" cried Georgy.

"Yes; and, moreover, she promises that it shall be founded on a true story, only think of that! But, come, it is so warm here, let us go out on the balcony—the upper one—won't you? Everybody is down-stairs dancing, and we shall be uninterrupted. You can leave your mother's door open, and, if she stirs, we shall hear her—do come."

"Are you sure everybody is down-stairs dancing?"

"Yes, perfectly sure; for, as I came up, I looked out on the balcony, and it was entirely deserted."

The balcony was not entirely deserted, however, when they went out, for there, in the moonlight, stood somebody leaning against one of the pillars, looking very determined.

"I have been hanging round here every evening since you came," Charley Demain's voice said in answer to Georgy's little start. "I am so glad of an opportunity to speak to you."

Then she could not help extending her hand, or feeling her heart warm a little at the sound of his voice. They stayed there together quite a while talking, Georgy all the time growing stranger and stranger to herself, just as though it was not Georgy Ward standing there, but a queer somebody, resurrected like Lazarus from a grave. By-and-by she heard her mother stirring, and, bidding them good-night, left them in such a quiet, indifferent way, that Lottie Orme felt as though she had had all her comforting words, all her caresses, thrown back into her face, and Charley Demain groaned inwardly at this sad change, so apparent in both the looks and manners of the girl he still so dearly loved. When Mrs. Orme went down-stairs, much to her astonishment, Douglass Orme neither asked any questions about his old friend Miss Ward, or seemed aware of her existence, although cognizant of her being in the same house, as Lottie knew. After this, came another week of torpid existence to Georgy, of rapid convalescence to her mother, and literary activity to Mrs. Mercer; and, during all this time, Douglass Orme failed to come face to face with the girl whom he had so loved, and who had snubbed him so cruelly six months before.

Mrs. Orme came up-stairs to see Georgy again one morning at the close of the week. "It is finished," she said.

"What is finished?" Georgy asked, not because she felt at all interested in being told,

or because she liked to have Mrs. Orme come and talk to her, for she was tired of her, as she was of every thing else.

"The play—your aunt Judith's play, which she has written for us. She finished it the day before yesterday. Only think, she has written a part for me, and one for Bertie, and one for Charley Demain, and one for Douglass, and the principal one for Mary Calcot—the girl who looks so much like you!"

"Aunt Judith used to write a great deal for the periodicals"—Georgy found it necessary to say something—"but I never knew her to write a play before."

"We are to have the back-parlor for a stage, the little room leading out for the green-room, and the carpenters are at work already, fixing the curtains and foot-lights—it is real fun! But there is one queer thing about it, your aunt won't tell us the name of the play which she has written for us. She says we shall know it for the first time on Wednesday evening. We are to act it on Wednesday night, you know."

"You ought to have got used to Aunt Judith's oddities by this time."

"Oh, we have. Everybody thinks her delightful. She says such, such original things, and does such, such eccentric things. You will come down Georgy, won't you, on Wednesday evening—you and your mother? You have taken her out every afternoon lately, and she must be very convalescent by this time."

"If mamma decides to come, I will come, too," Georgy answered; and, when further urged, would make no more definite promises.

The afternoons were so cool now, so full of softened sunshine and sea-breezes, that, as the days went by, Mrs. Ward, propped up by pillows in the phaeton, was able to take daily drives on the beach, and Georgy began to see how the pink flush grew deeper in the invalid's cheeks, and to listen to the increasing strength in her voice.

"We will go down-stairs this evening for a little while," she told Georgy during their drive on Tuesday afternoon. "I want to go down to-night, so as to get used to the excitement, for to-morrow Judith's play comes off, and I wouldn't miss seeing it for the world. We can be very quiet, you know. Georgy, you have confined yourself too closely to me. You are looking miserably." To which Georgy acquiesced in the same tired, monotonous way as usual. It was on their return from this drive, as they climbed slowly up the hotel-steps, that Georgy, supporting the invalid with her arm, saw Douglass Orme for the first time, face to face, since that long-ago evening at Mrs. Carroll's. He looked her square in the face and removed his hat, bowing as he might have bowed to an acquaintance only an hour old. He looked then at Mrs. Ward, and came up to shake hands with her. "I am so glad to see you looking better," he said, in the old, well-remembered, courteous way. "I have seen you start out driving every afternoon from my window, but have not had a chance to speak to you before. I hope you will be well enough to come down-stairs and pass an evening with us soon."

"I am coming down to-night," she answered, eagerly, glancing nervously first at

Georgy, then at him; "for Georgy's sake as well as for my own. She is so devoted to me—so unselfish—"

"Don't talk about me, please, mamma," interrupted Georgy, in such a cold, hard way as to cause her mother to shrink away a little, and Douglass Orme's theory, about her being able to live without having a heart for the blood to run through, to receive an additional confirmation. "You are tired—let me take you up-stairs," continued Georgy.

It happened in such a commonplace way—no manoeuvring—no Aunt Judith to pull them like a pair of puppets, hither and thither—only a few words spoken by her mother to grate against—only a cold bow to remember—only one look!

She told her mother when they got up-stairs: "Mamma, don't ever say those things about me to men, please, after this—about my being devoted to you, unselfish, and all that! It sounds too much as though Aunt Judith had been giving you a cue—as though you were begging a husband for me; and I couldn't bear to have Aunt Judith manoeuvre for me. We are poor now, you know, and I don't want myself offered up as a bait for every man's sneer." And this showed how deep it had cut—the one look!

The next evening, for the first time, they went down-stairs, and, piloted by Aunt Judith to a safe haven near a window in the big front-parlor, they found eager groups standing around everywhere, talking of the theatrical treat in store for them.

"I never saw you look so excited over any thing before, Judith," Mrs. Ward said, as they seated themselves where they could see the curtain of the stage hanging sombre behind the improvised foot-lights. "For once in your life you look as though you were rouged!"

"It's the glow of genius," answered Aunt Judith, rubbing her hands a little nervously, and with her eyes fixed on Georgy's tired face. "Haven't I a right to look excited over my first play? It's like a little boy sucking all his sour oranges, and by-and-by finding a sweet one without any seeds in it. I've lived sixty years, and now I see my sweet orange shining its red sides at me—no wonder I look red, out of sympathy."

"Aunt Judith, what is the name of your play?" Georgy asked, presently, not looking at the people about her, but listlessly at the green-baize curtain, and already longing to have this fresh trial over.

Aunt Judith stood up now, and, just as the bell tinkled for the curtain to go up, she moved away from Georgy and her mother among the crowd. Before she did so, however, she put a play-bill into Georgy's hand, and, when she presently looked at it—astonished into doing so by some strangely-familiar things in the play—Georgy read the name—"Gardez la foi!"

The next moment was nothing but a horrible mist for Georgy, a dreadful ear-singing and heart-thumping; and she was forced to grasp her mother's chair to prevent herself from rushing madly away. There was her own story written out—her own mistake laid bare—her secret shown to the stabbing light, clothed in other names—other words, to be sure, but the same—still the same!

She could not think coherently for some time; every thing seemed chaotic; the voices on the stage so many pistol-shots; the gas-lights an army of dancing imps. But, when she did think, when she came stinging back to life again, she remembered acutely and with shame how in that long-ago hour of heart-anguish and despair, probed by the knife of Aunt Judith's curiosity, she had confessed, little by little, her all! And now—now—this was the result—this shameful exposure—this—this—O Heaven! she could not think—she would not listen. She felt she should go mad if she stayed any longer in that place of her shame; and yet—and yet—would not these people laugh at her only the more derisively if she should show her suffering, if she should run away like some hurt thing, eager to die?

He was watching her narrowly now—Douglass Orme—he had refused to act, and, like her, had not known either the name or the text of the play before the curtain went up; but, as the play progressed, and things were said and acted which six months before had left him covered with scars, and the mistake was shown—the mistake of the names, the heroine's proud after-silence, her subsequent trials, her submission, he could not help turning his eyes to the corner where sat the girl he had so misjudged, so loved, so avoided.

The face was white with some emotion, which looked like agony. He could see that. He could see also how the frail hands were struggling to keep herself quiet, and the little doubt, which even in the midst of his new hope had so whispered to him that perhaps the play had been written with her consent, at her instigation, became stabbed right and left with shame, leaving him only resolute.

Mrs. Ward woke up suddenly, from her state of intense absorption in the play, to the extent of saying:

"Oh, what a lovely play! *Where did Aunt Judith get all her ideas, all her characters, all her dialogue?*—Did you speak to me, Mr Orme?"

"No, I was asking Miss Georgy if I might not take her out into the fresh air, it is so warm here. May I take her?"

"Yes.—Go, Georgy. I'll send for Judith. I see her over in the corner watching us. I am feeling so well; it is such an original, interesting play; so clever in Judith to have written it; but I always was proud of Judith!"

He was bending down over her now, trying to look into the startled, averted face, his lips moving in a thick, uncertain way.

"Will you come, Georgy? I will not keep you if you don't wish to stay long. I am choking with the things I am eager to say to you."

Then the eagerness of his beseeching melted forever the hard edges of her shame, and, rising, she allowed him to lead her out through the crowd, the gas-light, the heat, into the cool night of moonlight beyond.

I will not attempt to tell how he won her at last, how the weary girl found rest and love all at once, how he took her in his arms, and "God-blessed" Aunt Judith for daring so much.

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* ENTER
D. APPLETON
Washington

"I owe you to her," he said, kissing the sweet, tired face almost reverentially—"I owe to her all the joy which is to come. She has transmuted the iron of the past six months into gold; she has given us again to each other. Georgy, I am so glad it was only a mistake."

And he was so glad he could not help kissing the sweet face again and again.

"I hated her at first for betraying me so," Georgy said, between the kisses; "it did seem so unrighteous to me, as though the whole world might read its meaning as easily as I read it, and all the faces were mocking and grinning at me; but I—I—forgive her now. I can't help it."

"No one but Aunt Judith read the play as we read it, dear. 'Gardez la foi' was to the rest of those people but a new French phrase, guiltless of meaning, as Charley Demain vowed that it was, so long, long ago. Ah, well! I am glad that it doesn't mean anything to him; that, after all, he is not to be your 'best friend;' that you did not speak the truth to me that cruel night when you drove me from you six months ago."

"Bless me! what eyes! what color! what is the matter with you, child?" was Mrs. Ward's exclamation when Georgy went upstairs presently, to find Aunt Judith and her mother hobnobbing over a cup of tea.

"Say your prayers to-night, Mary Ward," said Aunt Judith, solemnly.

"You wicked, intriguing, double-faced woman!" cried Georgy, plumping down at her aunt's side, and hiding her hot, red face in her lap. And then, although she tried, she could say no more. The tears would come instead, and the laughter, too, in a strange, hysterical tempest.

"Say your prayers to-night, Mary Ward," repeated Aunt Judith, still more solemnly, and laying her hands very tenderly on the girl's bowed head, "and an extra 'Amen' for me for giving to you such a son-in-law as Douglass Orme."

"O Judith! did you do it? How did you do it? when did you do it?"

"Too many questions to be answered all at one mouthful, Mary Ward. I will answer one of them only. 'I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet!'"

MARION W. WAYNE.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

O'Rourke thus went first, unwinding the string, while Blake followed, carrying the ladder. The strange silence that O'Rourke had maintained while in the house had been succeeded by a talkativeness which was equally strange.

"For me own part," said he, as he walked

along, "we may as well begyle the solichude of the journey by cheerful though not exciting conversation; and, by the same token, I may remark that I have always taken a deep interest in the Catacombs. Here we have an unequalled opportunity of seeing them in their frish virgin condition. These interesting subjects are very useful to keep us in a cool state of mind, and to act as a privitive against unjue excitement."

"It's ivident," he continued, "that these are all Christian tombs, for on most of them ye may see the monogram that I mitioned to you. Here, for instince, is one."

He stopped in front of one of the tombs, and held up his lamp. Blake stopped, also, and looked at it, though with much less interest than that which was felt, or at least affected, by his companion. There were four slabs here, one above another, enclosing four graves. The inscriptions were rudely cut in all these. Some of the names, which were Greek, were spelled with Greek letters.

"Many of these tombs are ividently occupied," said O'Rourke, "by min of the lower classes, but it doesn't follow that the Christians of the age which buried these bodies had no shuparior min. Of course, the majority among them, as in all other communities, was ignorant, and the majority asserts itself even in this sublime nayeropolis. Still, that's a fine ipitaph," said he, pointing to the one before him. "It's laconic, and yet full of profound meaning. Spartan brivty with Christian pathos."

The epitaph to which he pointed consisted but of a few words. They were these:

"Faustina, cruciata, dormit, resurget."

Another bore the inscription:

"Dormitorium Cæcili."

Another:

"Aseus dormit in pace. Vidalia fecit."

O'Rourke walked on farther, stopping at times in front of those tablets which bore longer inscriptions than usual, and translating them for the benefit of his companion, of whose classical acquirements and intelligent appreciation of the scene around him he seemed to have doubts, which were probably well founded.

"Here," said he, "is one that reminds me of that one of Marius behind us, that I forgot to show you:

"Lavinia, of wonderful amiability, who lived eighteen years and sixteen days. Lavinia sleeps in peace. Her father and mother set up this"

"Here, Blake, is a long one:

"Adsertor, our son, is not dead, but lives in heaven. An innocent boy, you have already begun to live among the innocent ones. How gladly will your mother, the Church of God, receive you returning from this world! Let us restrain our tears and cease from lamentations."

"Here," said O'Rourke, as he stopped in front of another, "is one of the most interesting. It is a *besomum*. D'ye happen to know what a *besomum* is? Well, it's a place where two are buried—or sleep together, as the holy Christians called it."

A few steps farther on, the attention of O'Rourke was arrested by an inscription which was far longer than any which had yet met his eyes.

"See here," said he, "this one tells a long story." And then he read it:

"Phocius sleeps here. A faithful bishop. He ended his life under the Emperor Decius. On his knees, and among the faithful, he was arrested and led away to execution. His friends placed him here, with tears and in fear. Oh, sad times! in which even among sacred rites and prayers, not even in caverns and among tombs can we be safe. What can be more wretched than such a life, and what than such a death, where they cannot be buried by their friends and relations? He has scarcely lived who has lived in Christian times."

O'Rourke stood for a few moments musing.

"It's been a theme of frequent meditation with me," said he, "the wonderful difference between these Christians and their pagan contemporaries with rirfrnce to their regard of death. Go read the inscriptions on the pagan tombs. What are they all? Terror unspeakable, mourning, lamentation, and woe. Not a ray of hope. 'I lift up my hands,' says one, 'against the gods, who have snatched away me innocent.' But what do we see here? Not a sad longing after the vanished plisures of life, but a confident expectation of a better life to come."

O'Rourke here gave a deep sigh, and again resumed his walk. This time he paid no further attention to the epitaphs. It seemed to Blake as though he had been carried away beyond himself, and beyond all immediate recollection of his errand here, by the solemn memorials of the sainted dead. For such feelings as these Blake felt nothing but profound respect. It heightened his estimate of O'Rourke's character; and, though the conversation was one in which he had not felt able to take part, yet it had produced a marked effect upon him. The translations of these epitaphs drove away the wild fever of excitement which had so long clung to him. In the presence of these solemn memorials of Christian suffering and constancy and faith, his longings after treasure and riches appeared paltry and trivial, and there was communicated to his mind a feeling of shame at coming on such an errand to such a place. With the cessation of his hot excitement there came, also, a feeling of something akin to indifference about the result of his search, and he began to contemplate a possible failure with equanimity.

Already as they advanced they had come to places where other passage-ways crossed their path, and disclosed depths of viewless gloom on either side. There was something appalling in the suggestions which these afforded of endless labyrinths, in which to venture for even a few paces would be a death of horror. They served to remind Blake of the terrible fate of Onofrio, and gave to that slender thread which O'Rourke was unwinding an inconceivable importance. Upon that slender thread now hung their two lives—that was the tie that bound them to the world of the living, and by the help of which they

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could alone hope to retrace their steps to the upper air.

For already the passage-way had wound about in various directions, and they had come to other passages which led into this at such an angle that it would be only too easy to choose the wrong path on returning. None of these passages were crooked, but the difficulty lay in the way in which they opened into one another, and in the confusion which their general similarity would create in any mind.

"I think I'm going right," said O'Rourke; "but that last passage-way may have been the proper course for us. Howandiver, we're on the way to the Painted Chamber. That's the next objective point to aim at. Once

better it is for two to come than one. I confess, Blake, me boy, there's a solimnity about this place that overawes me; and, if I'd been alone, I'd have—well, I'd not have come so far this time. I'd have returrened, so I would. And sure and this is a great place intirely, so it is. Sure, and the paintings are on the walls yit, as any one may discerrun, just as me cousin Malachi said they were—and what is this?" he continued, going up to the wall and holding up his lantern. "Sure, and it's the Noachian diluge, though rudely enough drawn—and here," he continued, going to another place, "is a galley with a sail. I've seen that afore in the Lapidarian gallery, and they interpret it to ripsaint the immortality of the soul. Here's a palm-branch—

go on drew away his attention, and he at once acquiesced without a word.

"We've got to go straight on," said O'Rourke, "and we ought to come to the hole before long."

The chamber was circular, and about twelve feet in diameter. It seemed to be a simple enlargement of the intersection of two passages. Once enlarged, it had been decorated in the manner already noticed.

O'Rourke turned away, but still hesitated, in that manner which had marked his progress here all along. There was evidently something on his mind. Blake noticed it, but thought that it was simply his meditations upon the early Christians.

"It's a small place, too, for such a pur-



"This ladder he then proceeded to let down. He did this slowly and cautiously."—Page 349.

there, the opening in the flure'll be a gyide."

They walked on for some distance farther, and then O'Rourke stopped and half turned. Blake came up and found that the passage-way here had been enlarged. There was a species of chamber—the roof was vaulted—the sides were covered with a thin coating of stucco, upon which were some faded pictures, roughly drawn and rudely colored. At once he recognized the place as the one which had been mentioned in the story of Aloysius.

"The Painted Chamber!" exclaimed Blake.

O'Rourke smiled.

"True for you," said he, "And so we're right thus far. It's mighty encouraging, so it is—and I must say, ye see yerself, how much

here's another ship, and a fish—and a man—maybe it's Jonah they meant. I tell you what it is, Blake, me boy, there's a power of symbolical meaning in all this, and I'd be proud to explain it all to ye some time; but just now, perhaps, we'd better reshume our wanderings."

Upon all these, which O'Rourke thus pointed out, Blake looked with an interest which had been increased by the scenes through which he had been passing, and by the solemn thoughts which they had created within his mind. Not unwillingly would he have delayed a little to listen to his companion, who seemed to have such a wonderful comprehension of the meaning of these drawings, so rude and so meaningless to his inexperienced eyes; but O'Rourke's proposal to

pose," said O'Rourke, speaking as if at the conclusion of a train of solemn thought. "It couldn't have held many. It must have been crowdid, so it must."

"What do you mean?" asked Blake. "What purpose?"

"Well, you see, Blake, me boy," said O'Rourke, "this place was once used as a Christian chapel."

"A chapel!"

"Yis. Juring times of persecution, the Christians had often to fly to these receptacles, and hide here. In these chapels they had to conduct their sacred cirimonies. Here, too, they had their burial-services. Oh, sure, if these walls could but speak, what a tale they could tell! Mind ye, I don't hold with some that there iver was a time whin the

Christian population came down here *en masse*; I hold that it was only the shuparior clergy—the bishops, and sich like—or the iminint min that hid themselves here. But they held their services here, no doubt; and on Sundays there would be a large crowd wandering about here, as they were being conducted to these chapels, or as they came to bury the remains of some frind. But what puzzles me is, that I don't see any remains of an altar, or any thing of that kind. If it had been used as a chapel, there'd have been an altar, and, if so, there'd have been some remains, unless they afterward removed thim to some church overhead. And that may have been—but the fact is, the quistion is a complicated one, and cannot be fairly and fully discussed on an occasion like this."

With this, O'Rourke turned abruptly away, and, unrolling the string, he walked out of the chapel through that passage-way which was a continuation of the path by which they had hitherto been advancing.

He walked on, unrolling the string as before, holding the light very carefully so as to see his way, and not saying a word. Blake followed in silence. In this way they went on for about fifty paces.

Then O'Rourke stopped, and looked earnestly downward at the pathway before him. Then he advanced two steps farther. Then he turned and held out his hand with a warning gesture.

"It's the hole! we've come to it!" said he, in a low whisper.

"Where? where?" asked Blake, hurrying up.

"There!" said O'Rourke.

As he said this, he pointed to a blackness in the path before him. Blake looked, and saw an opening in the path, yawning immediately beneath them. An involuntary shudder passed through him, as he thought of the danger which this presented to the incautious explorer. But the danger here was not real, after all; for no explorers came to this place, except themselves, and they had been sufficiently cautious to avoid it.

"Me cousin Malachi was right," said O'Rourke. "He came as far as this. It now remains to see whether the monk Aloysius was right or not. If so—thin—soon—we—shall—know—all."

O'Rourke spoke slowly. Blake made no answer. He had reached this spot about which he had thought with intense excitement of late—this spot which seemed the last stage in the journey to endless wealth; but now his imagination, which but lately had so kindled itself at this thought, lay dull and dormant within him. Already there was a load on his mind, a dull presentiment of evil. He was conscious of this change. He wondered at it. He attributed it to various things—to the reaction consequent upon over-excitement long continued; to the sermonizing of O'Rourke, who had discoursed upon semi-sacred things ever since they had entered here; to the presence of the dead, whose holy lives, and glorious deaths, and immortal hopes beyond the grave, seemed to throw such contempt upon so mean a quest as this, for the sake of which he had violated their last resting-place. But, whichever of

these was the cause, there he stood, not indifferent, but strangely melancholy, and disturbed in soul with vague alarms and dark forebodings.

O'Rourke stood looking down in silence into the yawning abyss beneath. Then, drawing a long breath, he put his lamp down on one side of the pathway, and, turning to Blake, he took the ladder from him.

This ladder he then proceeded to let down. He did this slowly and cautiously. In a few minutes it touched the bottom, and the top of it projected about one inch. The ladder, being ten feet long, showed thus the depth of the passage beneath from the place in which they were standing.

"My calculation," said O'Rourke, "was based upon the statemints of the monk Aloysius. This proves that the statemints were true. Every thing in that manuscript has thus far turned out true, and I only hope the rest of our undertaking will be equally successful. So now, here goes!"

Saying this, O'Rourke began to descend. Blake watched him till he reached the bottom. He saw that the passage below was, in all respects, the counterpart of the one above. But he did not delay to look. The moment that O'Rourke had reached the bottom, he began to descend, and in a few moments stood by his side.

O'Rourke now went on very cautiously, unwinding the string.

"Shall I take the ladder?" said Blake.

"No," said O'Rourke; "if Aloysius is right, there'll be no need for the ladder; and, if he's wrong, thin our game's up—that's all. Besides, I don't believe there'd be any ix-cavation beneath this. We must now be on a level with the Tiber."

Blake, upon this, followed his companion, leaving the ladder where it had been placed.

They walked about thirty paces.

Suddenly, O'Rourke stopped, and turned round with a blank expression, feeling his coat-pockets, one after the other.

"What's the matter?" asked Blake.

"Tare an' ages!" exclaimed O'Rourke, "if I haven't dropped me other ball of twine, and this one is nearly used up! I wouldn't trust meself a step farther."

"Why! did you leave it behind in the cellar?"

"Sure and I took it with me, so I did, and—by the powers! I have it—I moind pulling out me handkerchief in the chapel, and I moind hearing a thud on the flure. I must have dropped it. I'll go straight back for it, and you wait here—unless you're afraid of the ghosts—you wait here, and I'll be back in a giffy, so I will."

Saying this, O'Rourke brushed past Blake, on his way back to the chapel to get the ball of twine.

"Ye may be going on," said he to Blake, "till ye come to any new passage-way—it seems like a straight course—or ye may wait for me."

"Oh, I'll wait for you!" said Blake. "We'll find it, or miss it in company."

He spoke in a melancholy voice. He had begun to feel half vexed with himself for his own indifference; yet he was indifferent. Nor was it unaccountable. Often does it happen,

in the lives of men, that an object, pursued with absorbing eagerness from a distance, grows tame at a closer approach. Thus the lover's ardor is sometimes dispelled on the approach of the marriage-day; and thus Mont Blanc, which had inspired such a glow of enthusiasm when seen from the Vale of Chamouni, becomes a freezing mass of ice, killing all enthusiasm, when the climber approaches its summit.

So, in profound dejection, Blake stood still, waiting for O'Rourke. He had lost his enthusiasm; his excitement was gone. Avarice, ambition—even these feelings ceased to inspire him.

At length, it struck him that O'Rourke had been gone for a long time. A slight fear arose. It was instantly quelled.

He determined to go back in search of him.

He walked back for some time.

Suddenly, he stood still.

He was confounded.

He had walked back a distance greater than that which he had followed O'Rourke after descending the ladder, yet he had not come to the ladder. Only twenty-five paces or so! He had walked fifty.

Where was the ladder?

He looked along the arch of the vaulted passage overhead, holding up his lamp.

He walked back for twenty-five paces.

Overhead was an opening in the vault, black, impenetrable, terrible! Was that the place through which he had descended?

It was!

Where was the ladder?

The ladder was gone!

CHAPTER XXVI.

BETRAYED.

For a long time Blake stood staring at that black opening overhead. Not a vestige of any thing was there. The string had gone. O'Rourke had taken away from him not merely the means of return, but the clew which showed the way. And this was all of which he was conscious. Even of this he was only conscious in a vague way, for his brain was in a whirl, and his whole frame tingled at the horror of his thoughts, and, in the immensity of this sudden calamity, he stood bewildered, incapable of speech or motion—incapable even of thought. Not a sound came to his ears. It was silence all around—the silence of death. Yet his attitude was one of expectancy. As yet he could not believe all, or realize the full extent of his appalling condition. His expectation rested on O'Rourke, and his ears tried to catch the sound of returning footsteps. But his ears listened in vain, and the time passed, and horror deepened in his soul, till, from this faint hope he descended slowly into the abyss of despair.

One thought now overspread all his mind, and this was that O'Rourke had betrayed him, and had lured him here for this very purpose. Why he had done this he did not at that time try to conjecture. He was not yet sufficiently master of his own thoughts to speculate upon this. He had only the one

supreme and overwhelming idea of treachery—treachery dark, deep, demoniacal, far-reaching—which had laid this trap for him, and had brought him to it. To this feeling he yielded. His head sank down from that upward stretch into which, for a time, it had been frozen; the rigidity of his limbs, wrought by one moment of unutterable horror, relaxed; a shudder passed through him; he trembled like a palsied man, and his nerveless hands could scarcely hold the lantern. But this light now shone before him as his very last hope—if there was, indeed, any such thing as hope remaining—and to save this he clutched it with a convulsive grasp. This effort roused him from his stupor; and, though his bodily strength was still beyond his recall, yet the faculties of his mind were restored and rallied at the impulse of the instinct of self-preservation. Too weak to stand erect any longer, he seated himself, still clutching his lantern, with his back supported against the wall, and then, in his despair, began to think what might be the meaning of this.

Had O'Rourke really left him? Of this he had no doubt. But why had he done this? To this he could give no answer whatever.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and began to call in his loudest voice. His terrors, after all, might be unfounded, and O'Rourke might, perhaps, return. At least he might answer and tell him the meaning of this. With this hope he called, and, for some time, his cries sounded forth as he uttered every form of appeal, of entreaty, of reproach, of despair. His voice rang mournfully down the long passages; but to him, as he listened, there came no reply except the dull, distant echoes returned from the gloomy recesses of the Catacombs. Whether O'Rourke heard him or not he could not tell. Perhaps he had hurried away at once, so as to be out of the hearing of his cries; perhaps he was waiting close by, and listening coolly to the despairing entreaties of his victim; but, whatever he had done or was doing, he gave no sign. Above, all was dark. Blake covered up his own light as he looked up, to see if there was any gleam from O'Rourke's lantern visible in that upper passage-way, but his most searching scrutiny failed to distinguish the slightest possible glimmer of light in that intense gloom. It was the blackness of darkness.

Once more Blake sank down into the despair of his own thoughts. With this despair there was mingled unspeakable wonder at O'Rourke's treachery. The motive that had impelled him to this was utterly beyond his conception. He had known him for a year. He had made his acquaintance in the most casual manner. They had gradually drifted into one another's way. What had he ever done, or what could O'Rourke have imagined him to have done, that he should plan for him so terrible a fate as this? Or what possible purpose of any possible kind could O'Rourke have before himself that could be promoted by such a crime?

It was no panic-flight of O'Rourke's. It was deliberate. He had taken the ladder no noiselessly that no sound had indicated what he was doing. He had even removed the clew.

It was, therefore deliberate; and this treachery joined itself to all that had gone before—formed the climax to it all. It was now evident that the whole story of the treasure had been planned for the purpose of luring him to this place and to this fate. The story of Aloysius had been, no doubt, a fiction of O'Rourke's, from beginning to end. His cousin Malachi had never existed. The Monastery of San Antonio probably was a fiction. The old manuscript was another. O'Rourke had never produced it. He had told an exciting story, and worked upon his credulity, his necessities, his ambition, and his avarice. As to the treasure, it was the wildest of dreams. If there had been any, he would not have been betrayed to this fate.

Such was the sudden awakening of Basil Blake from his dreams of boundless wealth.

But there remained the dark and inexplicable problem of the motives of O'Rourke.

Could it be that he was mad?

This would account for it all. O'Rourke was certainly eccentric. His eccentricity might be madness. He might have been one of those homicidal madmen who plan craftily the deaths of others; and his very acquaintance with him might have been sufficient to suggest to O'Rourke a plan for his destruction. He recalled his strange demeanor since their arrival at Rome; his singular silence in the cellar; his unwonted talkativeness on the way through the passages; his odd gestures, mysterious looks, and significant words. Were not all these the signs of a disordered brain?

On the other hand, if he were not mad, what possible motive could he have for his treachery? Blake could think of nothing whatever in his life that could account for any hostile plot against him. All his life had been commonplace, and his position was sufficiently obscure to guard him against the machinations of enemies. One thing only in all that life of his stood forth as beyond the obscure and the commonplace. That was the mysterious friendship of Mr. Wyverne, his mother's singular words, and, above all, the strange and incredible declarations of the dying man. But that had already been declared false by another authority. Even if it should be true, could there be any thing in that which could connect itself in any way with O'Rourke's plot, and be a reasonable cause for such a terrible betrayal as this? How should O'Rourke know Wyverne? How could he be benefited? Or were there others who wished to get him out of the way—by such a mode of destruction as would render it impossible that he could ever again be heard of? Alas! if there were any who had sent O'Rourke to do this, they had certainly chosen their agent well. Blake now remembered how completely he had concealed his movements; and he recalled those letters which he had written to Kane Hellmuth and his mother, in which not the slightest indication was given of the place to which he was bound, or the purpose for which he was going. He was now alone—no friend could help—no one could ever track him here; and here he must die, and exhibit the fullest reality of that dread fate which O'Rourke had ascribed to his imaginary Onofrio.

But now another change came over Blake

—a reaction from this despair—a recoil from that paralysis of all his energies which had come upon him. He started to his feet. There was yet time. Could he not retrace his steps? How much time had already passed he did not know, but, if he could find his way back along the passages to that opening in the wall, he might yet save himself.

This thought at once restored all his strength of body and vigor of mind to the utmost. He started to his feet, and once more looked upward, scanning eagerly that opening above him. The distance was not great. Was it impossible for him to climb up there and regain that passage-way? True, there was nothing but the smooth wall, which presented no foothold just here, except the slabs that covered over the graves. He could not jump up, he was not sufficiently agile for that. How, then, could he contrive to scale that bare wall of ten feet between himself and the floor above?

The wall itself afforded a ready answer to this. On that wall there were three slabs, covering three tombs, one above the other, in the mode which has already been mentioned so frequently. If those slabs could but be removed, or if only one of them could be displaced, then Blake would have a foothold by which he could reach the upper passage-way. These slabs he now examined most carefully. He struck them with his hands; he tried to find some crevice by which he could get a sufficient hold of them to pull them from their places. But these efforts were vain; for, though ages had passed away since they were placed here, still the cement was firm, and none of the slabs would yield.

But Blake would not yet give up. Every thing now seemed to depend upon the promptness with which he worked. He drew his knife, and, opening the large blade, began to cut at the stone over the slab. His intention was to try to cut away the stone to such an extent that he could pass his fingers through and grasp the slab. He began with the middle slab. The rock was soft sandstone; and as he cut and dug with his knife he had the satisfaction of seeing that he was gradually working it away, so that he had the prospect in time of making a hole large enough for his purposes. But his work was slow, and he discovered very soon that his knife was wearing away rapidly under it. At length, when his hand ached with the effort, and was bleeding from blisters, when so much of his knife was worn away that the prospect of continuing much longer at this task was faint indeed, he discovered that the thickness of this particular slab was too great to give any prospect of removing it in this way.

Yet the moment that he made this discovery, he made also another, which counterbalanced the first, and changed despair once more into hope.

The hole that he had made, though not large enough to enable him to remove the slab, was still large enough to assist him to scale the wall. All that he needed was a few others like it. Two more would suffice. If he could cut one over each slab, even smaller than this, he could then climb up.

Instantly he set to work once more, this

time at the lower slab, and here at length he succeeded in cutting a small slit large enough for him to insert the toe of his boot. It was not so large as the first hole that he had cut, but suited his purpose quite as well.

He then turned his attention to the uppermost slab. The others were flush with the wall. This one, however, projected in one corner about half an inch. No cutting was therefore required, for he could grasp this with his fingers so as to draw himself up to some extent.

He now prepared to ascend. But first it was necessary to secure the safety of his lantern. In order to effect this, he tore up his pocket-handkerchief and his cravat into thin strips, and tied them all together until at length he had a line fifteen feet long at least. One end of this he fastened to the lantern, the other he tied to his knife. Then he flung his knife up through the opening. It fell on the floor there, and thus held the line that was fastened to the lantern below.

Blake now braced himself for this great effort to climb the wall. Grasping the upper slab, he put his right foot in the lower hole, and drew himself up thus till he was able to thrust his left foot into the larger hole that he had scraped away over the middle slab. Here there was a firmer foothold, and here, with one vigorous effort, he raised himself up higher, clinging to the upper slab with his right hand, and grasping with his left at the upper floor. He reached it, and, assisted by his firm foothold, raised himself up higher. Then, with a final spring, he threw himself up, and, catching his toe on the upper slab, he succeeded in working himself through the opening and on to the floor of the upper passage-way. Then he drew up the lamp, and put the line in his pocket, so as to use it in case of any further need.

Once more, then, Blake found himself in this upper passage, and now he proceeded to hurry back the way he had come. In a short time he reached the Painted Chamber. Here, even if he had felt any lingering doubts as to O'Rourke's treachery, the first sight would have served to dispel them, and confirm his worst suspicions; for the chamber was empty, and O'Rourke had taken his ladder and his string.

But there was no time to lose. Haste was needed, and yet, at the same time, the utmost caution was equally needed; for how could he find his way back? True, the pathway had not been very crooked, and therefore, if he were to keep in the straightest possible course, he would be most certain to find the true way; yet still there were places where, among several passages branching off in the same way, it would be difficult to tell the true one. But, until that place was reached, he might hurry on with less circumspection.

Accordingly, he advanced as fast as a vigilant outlook would allow him, and for some time had no difficulty. At length, to his intense joy, he discovered something on the floor. On stooping to examine it, he found that it was the clew. O'Rourke had apparently gone back, winding it up as he went; but at length, becoming perhaps weary of this, and feeling certain of the destruction of

his victim, he had contemptuously thrown it down.

Blake now hurried on faster than ever, with nothing to prevent the most rapid progress, since he was guided by the string that ran along the path. Before long, he came to the ladder, which lay obliquely across the path, as if carelessly flung down by one who was weary of carrying it, and had no further need of it. This ladder was of no use, however, to Blake, though a short time before all his life seemed to depend upon it; so he hurried on, seeing in it only a sign that he might yet reach the house before O'Rourke had left.

On he went, faster and faster. At length, the clew ended. Blake recognized this place. It was at that first crossing to which they had come, and beyond this he knew that there were no other crossings till he reached the aperture by which he had entered. To arrive at this point, at last, was almost like an escape; but still his escape was not yet effected, and so he hurried onward. The aperture for which he was now looking was on his left, and, as he went, he watched that side narrowly.

At last he saw it.

All the other slabs were in their places, but this one was off. It lay on the ground below. The aperture was all dark. Blake sprang toward it, and thrust in his lamp and his head.

The next moment he stood there, rooted to the spot, staring with wild eyes at the sight before him, while a new despair deprived him of strength and almost of consciousness.

For there, full before him, in the place where that opening had been through which he had crawled after O'Rourke, was now a wall of stone, presenting a barrier which stopped all escape. There were two large stones. They had been pushed up here from within—by the malignant and relentless purpose of his enemy—not fastened with cement, but lying there solid, irremovable, and beyond the reach of any efforts of his.

At this sight he reached the last extremity of his prostration and of his despair. The lamp fell from his hands into the stony sepulchre, and he burst into a torrent of tears.

And now, at this moment, while his lamp lay extinguished, and all around there was a darkness utter and impenetrable—a darkness, also, fully commensurate with the darkness of his despair—there came to his ears a dull sound from beyond that wall, as if some one was moving there.

At once Blake roused himself, and listened.

The sounds continued. Some one was moving. There was the rattling, shuffling sound as of some one piling up stones. It was as though O'Rourke had not been satisfied with any common barrier to Blake's escape, but had resolved to replace the whole wall in all its thickness, and leave it as he had found it. There, then, was his enemy, within a few feet, yet inaccessible and invisible—not remorseful for what he had done, but actively malignant still, and still toiling to accomplish, in its fullest perfection, the terrible task which he had undertaken.

Blake listened in dumb horror, unable to speak a word, even if words had been of any

avail. But no words were forthcoming, and he leaned there in that thick darkness, clinging to the sepulchre with a convulsive grasp, and all his soul centred in his sense of hearing. That sense seemed now to have taken an almost superhuman power and acuteness, as though all his other senses had lent their aid to this. The rattle, the sliding, the dull thud, the harsh grating of the stones as they were handled by the terrible workman on the other side, still went on; and still the sounds penetrated the wall, and came to the silent place of the dead beyond.

Blake listened, unconscious of time, and only conscious of the slow approach of his appalling doom.

At last all ceased.

Then there came the sound of a human voice—low, muffled, sepulchral, but, to Blake's acute hearing, sounding with terrific distinctness. There were but four words that thus came to his ears through the thick wall where the stones stood, piled up without plaster, and allowing the awful words to pass through:

"Blake Wyvern, farewell forever!"

Then all was still.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAST WORDS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

A DARKNESS deeper than the night

Above Sans-Souci lies,
The Star of Prussia goeth down

To dawn on other skies.

Earth's mightiest brow is bowed beneath
The iron hand of Fate,
The morning-light shall shine no more
For Frederick the Great.

That drowsiness, whose sleep is Death,
Has closed the eagle-eyes;
The cold seal of unconsciousness
Upon the pale lip lies.

No more by pangs of hope or fear
The watchers' hearts are vexed;
Despair is sitting by the couch—
'Tis Death that cometh next.

Without—without—what wide lament
The nation's heart is breaking!
Within, there waits nor son nor spouse
For last and fond leave-taking.

And yet, not all of love and grief
Is to this hour denied;
For, faithful to the last, his dog
Is crouching at his side.

With trembling limbs and mournful whine
Creeps close the petted hound;
The hero-soul, so near its flight,
Stays at the piteous sound.

The lips all deem forever stilled
In whispered words unfold:
"Cover my dog," so speaks the king,
"Cover him—he is cold."

Fidelity! your voice could thrill
That great heart's breaking chords,
And kindly thought had power to shape
That last breath into words.
Thus, haunted by no mocking dreams
Of power or of pride,
With loving-kindness on his lips,
The grand old monarch died.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE OLD FORT. IN NEW YORK.



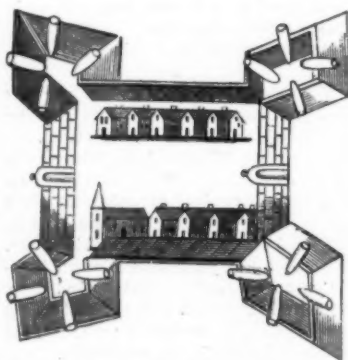
FORT AMSTERDAM ABOUT 1650.

(From "De Nieuwe en Oudekande Weeld," by Arnoldus Montanus, Amsterdam, 1671.)

FEW of the New-Yorkers who daily pass along Whitehall Street or through Battery Place are aware of the historical importance of the square south of the Bowling Green. To the eye of the vulgar it is but a block of very ordinary buildings—of shops and warehouses, of steamship-offices and immigrant boarding-houses—but, to the antiquary, there is no other spot on Manhattan Island that conjures up so many interesting memories. The history of this little square is, up to the time of the Revolution, the history of the metropolis of the New World. This was the cradle of New York. Here stood Fort Amsterdam, where Walter the Doubter smoked and dreamed; where William the Testy challenged the world, through his mighty trumpeter, Anthony van Corlear, and demolished the hated Yankees by proclamation; whence Peter the Headstrong marched forth triumphantly to the conquest of New Sweden, and afterward, with aching heart, to ship his doughty veterans home to Holland on that sorrowful day when the flag of the Prince of Orange was humiliated before the red banner of St. George. Within this square was the residence of the Dutch directors-general; and here the English colonial governors held their court in the Government House. Here, for many years, stood the old Dutch Church, the only place of worship in the city; and here was built the first

English chapel in New York. Here was the prison whence Jacob Leisler was taken up Broadway to meet a traitor's death on the Common, now the City-Hall Park. And here, in times within the memory of men now living, stood the official residence of the governors of the State of New York—a house originally intended for Washington, first President of the United States.

The point of land at the junction of the Hudson and the East Rivers (called



BIRD-EYE VIEW OF FORT AMSTERDAM, 1661.

(From a Plan of New York, made in 1664, now in the British Museum.)

by the Dutch the Mauritius and the South Rivers) was recognized, from the date of its discovery, as the proper site for a fortification; and some of our historians aver that a small fort was erected here as early as the year 1615. But the evidence seems to be insufficient to support this claim. The probability is that the fort begun by Peter Minuit, in 1626, and finished two years afterward, was the first erected on Manhattan Island. This, which was a substantial earthwork,* covered very nearly the square bounded by Battery Place, Whitehall, Bridge, and State Streets. It was laid out under the supervision of the engineer Kryn Frederycke, and was called Fort Amsterdam, after the city of the same name.

The elevation of this site was originally much higher than at present. De Rasières speaks of it as "the height of a hillock above the surrounding land." This hill was cut down in 1789, on the demolition of the fort, and graded nearly to its present level.

In plan, the fort was a square of about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter,† with

* O'Callaghan ("History of New Netherlands") says "it was a block-house, surrounded with red cedar palisades;" and Lossing ("Field-Book of the Revolution") that it was built of "Holland brick," but on what authority does not appear.

† O'Callaghan says three hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty feet broad, founding his cal-

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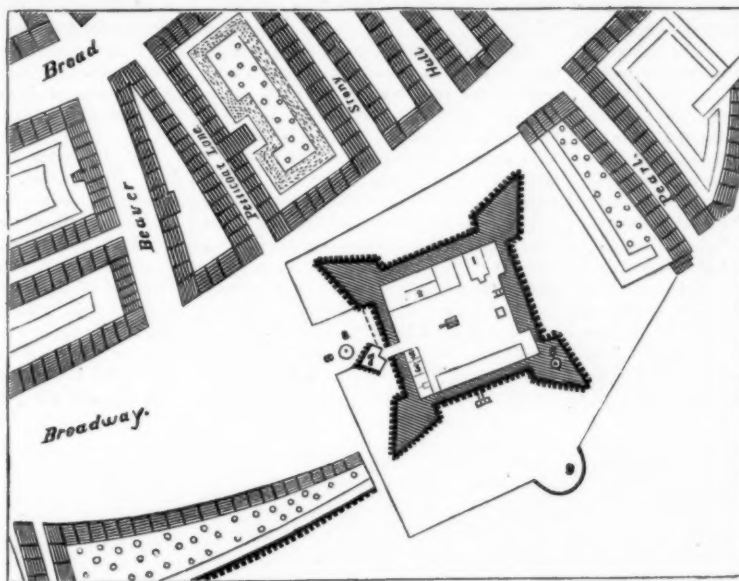
a pointed bastion at each angle. It had but one gate, opening on what is now Battery Place. The Bowling Green was then an open field, used for garrison-drills.

In 1633 Director-General van Twiller arrived, and immediately set about making repairs and improvements. The buildings erected in the fort by Minuit were rough plank structures, thatched with reeds. Van Twiller built a governor's house of brick, a guard-house, and substantial barracks for the soldiers, and set up a windmill on the

southwest bastion, to grind corn for the garrison. The work was done chiefly by negro slaves, and cost about four thousand guilders. Besides facing the northwest bastion with stone, he probably did little to the walls, as Director-General Kieft complained, on his arrival in 1638, that the fort was "open on every side, so that nothing could obstruct going in or coming out except at the stone point."

Kieft built a large stone church in the fort in 1642, but it does not appear that he strengthened the walls of the fortification materially. In 1643 the people sent a memorial to the States-General, representing their deplorable condition, in daily fear of the savages, who had burned their houses and grain-barracks, and murdered many defenceless women and children. "We,

culcation on a statement that the church erected by Kieft occupied nearly one-fourth of the fort. The church was seventy-two by fifty-two feet, which, multiplied by four, he says, makes the dimensions as above stated. A singular blunder.



PLAN OF FORT MADE IN 1695.

- | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Chapel. | 4. Barracks. | 7. Horn-work before Gate. |
| 2. Governor's House. | 5. Secretary's Office. | 8. Well and Pump. |
| 3. Officers' Quarters. | 6. Flag-staff. | 9. Leisler's Half-moon. |

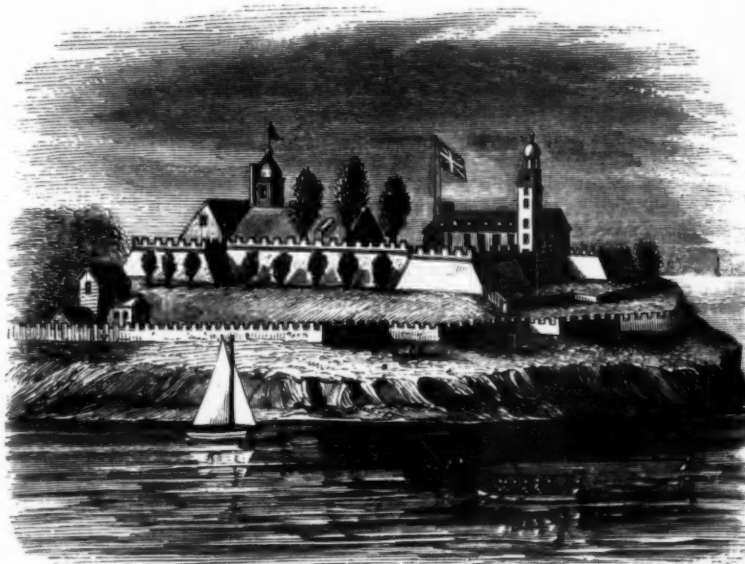
wretched people, must skulk, with wives and little ones that still survive, in poverty together, in and around the fort at the Manahatas, where we are not safe even for an hour; while the Indians daily threaten to overwhelm us with it. . . . The garrison consists of but fifty or sixty soldiers, unprovided with ammunition. Fort Amsterdam, utterly defenceless, stands open to the enemy night and day."

Another memorial, of the same date, as-

such an expense, and it remained in a semi-ruinous condition until the arrival of Director-General Stuyvesant, in 1647, when the subject of repairs was again agitated; but it resulted only in patching up the walls with earth and sods. In 1649 still another remonstrance was sent by the people of New Amsterdam to the States-General, in which the fort is described as a ruin. "It does not contain a single gun-carriage, and there is not a piece of cannon on a suitable frame or

on a sound platform." The reply was, that want of means had caused the delay in the repairs, and that the citizens, for whose protection it was built, had refused to help in the work.

In 1656 Stuyvesant communicated with the home government on the pressing necessity of rebuilding the fort. A favorable response was received, and a "few good masons and carpenters" were promised to be sent out in the spring. Stuyvesant wrote to his deputy in the West Indies,



FORT GEORGE IN 1740.

in 1659, that he was enclosing Fort Amsterdam with a stone-wall, but it was probably only a base-wall at the foot of the incline.

In August, 1664, New Amsterdam passed into the hands of the English, under Colonel Richard Nicolls,* who changed the name of the city to New York, after the Duke of York, and that of the fort to James, in honor of his royal master. The condition of the fortification at this time is described by Stuyvesant, in his report to the West-India Company, of the causes which led to his surrender. The company blamed him, and averred that a capital fortress, garrisoned by one hundred and eighty brave soldiers, ought not to have surrendered without some defence. Stuyvesant replied that the fort was situated in an untenable place, being commanded by higher ground on the north and northeast side; that

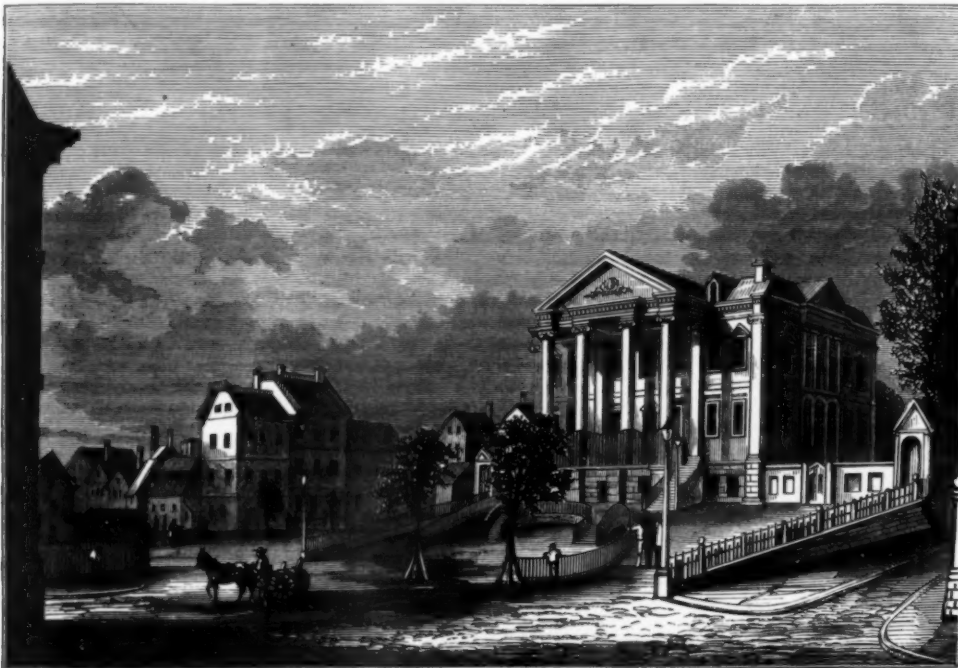
thirds of this is said to have been unserviceable.

The English, under Nicolls and Lovelace, appear to have done as little as their Dutch predecessors to strengthen the work. It is described as still an earthwork in 1671. Governor Lovelace, however, made many repairs on the buildings. He tore down the governor's house built by Van Twiller, and erected a new one on the same site. A writer of the time says of the interior of the fort: "The church rises with a double roof, between which a tower looms aloft. On one side is the prison, and on the other side of the church the governor's house." This was the church built by Kieft in 1642. These buildings stood on the east side of the fort, parallel with Whitehall Street, and fronted toward the west.

on imported wines, brandies, distilled liquors, rum, powder, lead, and guns, of five per cent. By October of the same year, the repairs had progressed so favorably that Colve was enabled to announce in one of his public orders that the works were "brought to perfection."

But the Dutch did not long enjoy the fruits of their labor. The treaty of 1674 restored the province to the English, and the fort, then in a better condition than ever before, again took the name of James.

Under Sir Edmund Andros, who took command of the province on the evacuation of the Dutch, extensive improvements were made. He built an armory between the governor's house and the church, on the site of the old kitchen, which he pulled down, and repaired the governor's house, which



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

it was encompassed by only a slight wall, two and three feet thick, and not above eight, nine, and ten feet high in some places; that it was crowded all around with buildings, in many instances higher than the walls and bastions, and some of which had cellars within two or three rods of the wall, so that whoever was master of the city could easily approach with scaling-ladders; that it had neither a wet nor a dry ditch, and was without well or cistern. There were twenty-four guns in the fort at this time, but only about two thousand pounds of powder, and two-

* Nicolls fully appreciated the advantages of the site of New York. In a communication to the Duke of York, he described it as "the best of all his majesty's towns in America," and prophesied that "within five years the staple of America will be drawn hither, of which the brethren of Boston are very sensible."

In 1673 the fortress again fell under Dutch domination, Captain Manning, its commander, having surrendered it almost without a shot in the absence of Governor Lovelace, who was in Connecticut on a visit to Governor John Winthrop. The town was rechristened New Orange, and the fort "Willem Hendrick," in honor of the Prince of Orange. In one of the proclamations issued by Evertsen and Benckes, the Dutch commanders, it is called Fort William Frederick. Antony Colve, the new governor, set to work vigorously to put it into a state of defence. He ordered the removal at once of all the houses under the walls. To meet the expenses, and to indemnify the residents, he laid an extraordinary duty on exported beavers and peltries of two and a half per cent, on imported blankets and duffels of two per cent, and

"was so leaky, though lately built, and never finished, by Governor Lovelace, that the stairs and some of the rooms were quite rotten." The tiles on the roof were replaced by shingles, "to prevent Leakage by reason the Tiles were usually broken when the Gunns were fired." He also planked the gun-platforms, and built a new stockade. In 1678 Andros, in an official document, describes Fort James as "a square with stone-walls, four bastions almost regular, and in it forty-six guns mounted, and stores in service accordingly." The armory contained six hundred stands of small-arms at the time, in good condition. Andros was accused of expending too much money on the fort, and a commissioner, who investigated the facts, reported, in 1680, that, although the work had been done by the soldiers, his own ser-

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vants, and negroes, he had made exorbitant charges—"two shillings per diem to the meanest workmen, and six shillings to the carpenters, though paid in rum and goods."

Governor Dongan, his successor, in his report on the state of the province, calls the fort a work of "dry stone and earth with sods as a breastwork." He says: "It has thirty-nine Guns, two Mortarpieces, thirty Barils of Powder, five hundred Ball, some Bombshells and Granados, small arms for three hundred men, one Flanker, the face to the North Bastion, and three points of Bastions, and a Courtin, has been done and are rebuilt by mee with Lime and Mortar, and all the rest of the Fort pinnd and Rough Cast with Lime since my coming here."

In 1689, on the capture of the fort by Jacob Leisler, he dubbed it Fort William, in honor of the Prince of Orange, who had just superseded James on the throne of England. It caught fire on the day that William and Mary were proclaimed, but the flames were subdued without damage. At this period it was greatly out of repair. There were few platforms for cannon, and most of the guns were unfit for service. The magazine contained but fifty barrels of powder, of which but one was good, and "the rest would not sling a bullet half over the river." Leisler worked hard to put it into a state of defence, and strengthened it with a half-moon battery, to mount seven guns, which he built on the west of the fort, at the edge of the water. The park called the Battery probably derives its name from this work. He also dug a well within the walls.

In 1691, on the arrival of Governor Sloughter, Fort William, as Leisler had christened it, became William Henry, by the addition of another of the new king's names. M. Lamothe Cadillac, who visited New York in 1692, described the fort as "faced with stone and terraced on three sides—the north, the south, and the east . . . The ditch is but a miserable affair, and is almost filled up on the east and north." It had, at this time, a garrison of sixty men, twenty-seven pieces of iron cannon, and four small brass pieces at the gate. The buildings removed by Colve, because of their nearness to the walls, had, doubtless, been rebuilt, as Cadillac says it was surrounded by houses on all sides but the south. "The roadstead cannot be cannonaded without throwing down one whole street."

Governor Fletcher found the fort and buildings very much out of repair, and made extensive improvements. He tore down the old Dutch Church, which for many years had been the only place of worship in the city, Dutch and English using it alternately, and built a chapel of the Established Church on the site. This was the first Episcopal Church in New York, Trinity not having been built until two years after.

In 1698, Earl Bellamont, who succeeded Fletcher, wrote to the Lords of Trade, accusing the latter of mismanagement. He says the addition to the governor's house, "which is very little," the chapel and the barracks, cost, up to the time that Fletcher was superseded, £3,701 17s. 5d.; and that he had charged bricks at "thirty shillings per thou-

sand, when the current price is twenty-five shillings. . . I dare undertake to build, in London, the same quantity of building for less than £600 at most." Fletcher, in his reply, said: "I made up all the sod-work anew, the two bastions toward the sea I flagged with free-stone, the curtain between these two bastions I built up new from the ground, the well new made, and a very large cistern for water, half the barracks rebuilt, new carriages for thirty-six guns, the chapel new built, and all furnished to pews."

It does not appear that the Earl of Bellamont made any noteworthy alterations in the fort. He was an energetic man, and reformed many abuses. It was he who fitted out the expedition against the pirates which effected the capture of the famous Captain Kidd. During his brief rule he kept up a state of generous hospitality in the governor's house. He died in 1701, and was buried in the vault under the chapel. When the fort was demolished after the Revolution, his remains and those of several others of his family were removed and buried in St. Paul's church-yard.*

On May 3, 1702, Edward Hyde, Lord Cornbury, arrived with a commission as governor, proclaimed Queen Anne, and named the fort George, in honor of the prince-consort, George of Denmark. Cornbury was a libertine, and, if contemporary records are to be trusted, a knave. He was accused of embezzling the public moneys, and he contracted such heavy debts that he was thrown into prison by his creditors in 1708, where he lay until the following year, when he was liberated by his accession to the peerage as third Earl of Clarendon on the death of his father. The government house, during his rule, was the scene of debauchery and licentiousness. A letter of the time says that he frequently appeared in the public streets dressed in women's clothes. His wife Catherine, daughter of Lord O'Brian, son of the Earl of Thomond, died in the fort, August 11, 1706, and was buried in Trinity Church.

Lord Lovelace, his successor, was the grandson of Colonel Francis Lovelace, who was governor of New York from 1668 to 1673, and was the fourth Baron Lovelace of Hurley, County of Berks. He was of an excellent temper and goodness, says a contemporary, and if he had lived would have "revived the country from its former calamity." He was taken ill on board the man-of-war off the coast, and died soon after his arrival, May 6, 1709. Two of his sons died about the same time, one before him, and the eldest, the fifth Baron Lovelace, two weeks after his decease.

Governor Robert Hunter, who arrived in 1710, wrote two years afterward to the Bishop of London that he had repaired at great expense "the ancient chapel in the Fort, for many years past a Bear Garden," and "it is now one of the most decent and most constantly frequented Houses of Prayer in all

*The bodies were in leaden coffins, on which were silver plates containing inscriptions and the family escutcheons. An enterprising person, whose bump of veneration must have been very small, wrenched off the plates, and had a set of spoons made of them!

America." He mentions that the plates, books, and furniture, were presented by Queen Anne for the use of the chapel.

Of the succeeding governors, John Montgomery and Colonel William Cosby died in the fort. On the death of the latter, in 1736, Lieutenant-Governor George Clarke took command and administered the government until 1743, when he was succeeded by George Clinton. During Clarke's residence in the fort occurred the great fire, March 18, 1741, when the governor's house, the chapel, and all the other buildings, were totally consumed. Clarke, in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, says that the house was past saving before an engine could be brought, "for, it being covered with cedar shingles, and all the floors and wainscots old, they took in an instant and burned with that fury that no human power could extinguish it." The records were saved, but every thing else, public and private, was lost. Governor Clarke's own loss was over two thousand pounds. This fire and the rapid recurrence of others, sometimes, says Clarke, as many as four in a day, aroused suspicions of incendiarism, which resulted in the alleged discovery of the negro plot.

The council at once sent a petition to the king, George II., praying for aid to rebuild the governor's house, chapel, and other buildings. Clarke refused to sign it. "I declined," he says, in a letter to Newcastle, "knowing the motive they went on, viz. their poverty to be false in fact, and they and every man in the Province knows it was never in so flourishing a condition as it is now; but what won't a selfish, niggardly people say to save their money." In another communication to the Lords of Trade, August 24, 1742, Clarke says that the Assembly voted for repairs in Fort George £617 13s. 4½d., "not half of what is necessary to put it in a defensible condition."

In 1756 Governor Hardy wrote to the Lords of Trade that the fort had undergone extensive repairs, and was then completed. He complains, however, of the insufficiency of the armament, all of the guns but one being twelve- and nine-pounders. The following year, December 15th, the range of barracks on the west side of the fort, with all the stores, was burned. The wind being from the northeast, the other buildings were saved. The Earl of Loudoun, commander-in-chief of her majesty's forces in America, was a resident of the government house at the time. The fire was "occasioned by a number of Tailors employed by Colonel Prevost in one of the Rooms, who had been careless of their fire."

Another disastrous fire occurred in the fort on the night of December 29, 1773, when the governor's house was again burned to the ground. Governor Tryon and family were occupying it at the time. In a letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, written two days after the fire, he says: "With the utmost Difficulty my Family, an unhappy Maid excepted, were through Divine Providence graciously preserved." The governor's daughter jumped from a second-story window into the snow, which was deep, and escaped unharmed. Nothing was saved but a little furniture from the parlor. Every paper, whether of a public

or a private nature, including even the governor's commission, was burned. The great seal of the province was found among the ruins, it having suffered no injury, notwithstanding the intense heat to which it had been subjected. The deep snow upon the roof and the timely aid of the fire-engines prevented the spreading of the flames.

The history of Fort George during the Revolution is comparatively unimportant. On the conclusion of the siege of Boston in 1776, Washington sent Putnam to New York, with orders to fortify the city and to secure the "passes of the East and North Rivers." Under his superintendence batteries were erected at different points along both rivers, and the walls of Fort George looking seaward were strengthened. On the 6th of April Governor Tryon wrote to Lord Germain, from on board the ship *Duchess of Gordon*, that "the whole north front of Fort George is dismantled, and Merlons erected on the Faces of the Fort that look to the North and the East Rivers. Also Merlons are constructed on the lower Battery."

The lower battery, which stood south of Fort George, near where the flag-staff now is, was the most important work. When Washington entered the city on the 14th of April, Fort George was armed with only four thirty-two and two twelve-pounders, although it was capable of mounting sixty guns, while the lower battery had over forty guns. When the British took possession, after the battle on Long Island, they enlarged the latter to a capacity of ninety-four guns, but it does not appear that much was done to the older work.

After the war, the fortifications on Manhattan Island were dismantled and levelled one after the other, and at last the time of the old fort came. It had passed its days of usefulness, and the growing requirements of the city rendered the ground it occupied too valuable to be spared. In 1788 it was resolved to remove it entirely, and to build on its site a residence for the President of the United States, it being generally supposed that New York would be the permanent seat of Government.

Its appearance at this time is described as follows: "First, a green bank, which was sloping and about fourteen feet high, on which were erected the walls of about twenty feet additional height. In front, toward the Bowling Green, were two apple-trees and an old linden, which were about the same height as the walls."

Messrs. Pintard, Janeway, and Van Zandt, were appointed a committee to superintend the demolition. In the course of the work the marble slab which once decorated the front of the stone church built by Director-General Kieft was found. It bore the following inscription: "Anno 1642. Willem Kieft, Directeur Generael, heeft de gemeente desen temple doen bouwen." That is: "In the year 1642, William Kieft Director-General, hath the commonality caused this temple to be built." This relic was placed in the belfry of the Garden-Street Dutch Reformed Church, and was lost in the great fire of 1835.

The foundations of the Government House, as the new building was called, were built of the stone from the walls of the fort. The

superstructure was of brick. It was a slightly edifice of two stories, with a Grecian portico, and stood fronting the Bowling Green. It was finished in 1791. During its construction the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, and it was decided to devote it to the use of the governors of the State. Governor George Clinton occupied it during the latter part of his official term, and after him his successor, John Jay, resided in it until 1799, when it became the Custom-House. It was finally torn down in 1818, and its site levelled and made into building-lots.

The grounds of the Government House extended to Pearl Street, Bridge Street not having been extended from Whitehall to State Street until after its demolition. What is now Battery Place was, until a comparatively late date, known as Marketfield Street, deriving its name from the fact that the Bowling Green, before its enclosure, was used as a market square. In still earlier times it was called Petticoat Lane. Bridge Street was at one time known as Hull Street, as will be seen on the plan of 1695.

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER LV.

HOW THEY DROVE TO SWINLEY AND MET THE PENNYROYALS.

WHILE all this was happening at Ascot, Lord and Lady Pennyroyal were slowly making their way across country to Ascot from Farthinghoe Castle. Florry and Alice Carlton had driven over in the morning from High Beech, and, after luncheon, the whole party started for Ouzelmere.

In that weather it was not very easy work for the horses, though the distance was not more than twenty miles, and a pair of horses had been sent on to change half-way. On came the Pennyroyal carriage, with its four insides and its footman and coachman on the box, at the rate of seven miles an hour, by Sandhurst, all through the balmy, breezy, heathy country round Bagshot. The ladies were full of delight at the beauty of the fir-woods and the picturesque nature of the country; and, when they reached Swinley, and its oaks and beeches and limes and firs, at half-past seven, they were absolutely enchanted, as Lady Pennyroyal said.

They had just dipped down the hill beyond the old Deer Paddock in Swinley where the limes stand, and were looking down on the gigantic oaks below, when the quick eye of Florry saw something among the trees, and she knew that something at a glance.

"There is a carriage down there following the road," she said, "and among the trees are a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen. And," she went on, "the two men are Harry Fortescue and Edward Vernon, and one of the ladies is Lady Sweetapple, the other lady I do not know."

"Of course we shall stop and speak to them," said Alice, with an imploring look to

Lady Pennyroyal, who at once understood her desire and consented.

"A little walk will do us all good," she said. "The carriage can follow along the road and pick us up when we want it."

In a moment Florry and Alice had jumped out, and it must be confessed that Alice waved her parasol in the hope that Edward Vernon would see it. You must all forgive her, for it was in a forest far away from town, and she was young and in love.

"There is some one up there," said Edward to Harry. "See, she is waving her parasol;" and in a moment he had recognized Alice, and was running up the hill like a mad thing.

It was fortunate that it is not the fashion for ladies to swear, or else Amicia would have sworn then. Would you believe it, just as she was leading Harry Fortescue away under the huge oaks and beeches, and was going to have him all to herself, that provoking carriage full of her enemies arrived, and, as she looked up, she saw Edward Vernon warmly shaking hands with Alice Carlton, and Florry standing by her side and calling out, "How do you do, Mr. Fortescue?"

It would have fared as ill with Florry then as with Lady Charity two hours before, had Amicia been a tyrant. But Amicia was a child of her time, bound by the laws of society. She could not cut even in Swinley Park the daughters of the woman with whom she had been very glad to stay the week before. There was no help for it; she, too, had to climb the hill, to present Lady Charity to Lady Pennyroyal and the Carltons, to talk of the weather and the beauty of the woods, and to accept a proposal that they should all walk toward Ascot together, while the carriages followed. In a word, she had to do, as we most of us have to do every day of our lives, just what she most detested.

Of course Alice Carlton was very happy, and so was Florry, and so was Edward Vernon. Harry Fortescue was almost indifferent, but he saw in the arrival of the Pennyroyal party an escape from an immediate danger, the continuation of that *titre-à-tête* with Amicia, and he accepted Florry's appearance on the scene as an intervention of Providence. After Edward and Alice, who at once paired off as though they belonged to the race of turtle-doves which might be heard cooing in the trees above their heads, the person most pleased with the new-comers was Lord Pennyroyal, who saw in them fresh soil into which he might cast his Silesian sugar-beet. To Amicia's great mortification he selected her for conversation, and, as they walked along through the trees to the lodge at Swinley, he lost no opportunity of inculcating his views. In the mean time Lady Pennyroyal had informed Lady Charity that it would give her and Lord Pennyroyal "so much pleasure" if she and Lady Sweetapple would accompany Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Vernon to luncheon between the races to-morrow. Mr. Vernon had already given a conditioned promise, and so she hoped they might all be persuaded to come. To this invitation Lady Charity was quite ready to listen, for, if Harry and Edward were already half engaged, she was quite sure Amicia would only care to be

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where Harry was. It was settled, therefore, that they should all meet at luncheon next day.

But what were Florry and Harry about? How did they spend that little time, those few hundred yards, amid the balmy woods where the doves were making love to each other in the green shade? We are sorry to say that Harry for a few paces walked sulkily along. He said nothing—absolutely nothing. For all purposes of speech he might have been as one of Amicia's old friends at the College of the Deaf and Dumb.

But Florry Carlton was not the girl to let the man she loved walk sullenly along by her side. Her free and frank nature would have it out. The sooner there was a thunder-storm the better; it would be fine afterward. Let there be no brooding, lowering clouds to shut out the sun. So she spoke first.

"I was so sorry to have been angry about that silly advertisement, Mr. Fortescue. Have you forgiven me?"

"There was nothing to forgive," said Harry, coldly. "You were angry under a mistake, that was all, and there is an end to the matter."

"Oh," said Florry, "I am so glad to hear there is an end of the matter, for I was terribly afraid of E. P."

"Why should you be afraid of E. P., as you call her?" said Harry.

It was not pleasant to Florry to hear Harry call any woman "her," much less after those two initials, which were a mere abstraction, to which Harry had now given life by calling them "her." She answered, bitterly:

"Because I felt she was taking away a dear friend."

"She was nothing to me then," said Harry, laying an emphasis on the last word.

"And is she something to you now, Mr. Fortescue? In mercy say she is not."

"I cannot say," said Harry. "I know, in fact, nothing about it."

Poor Florry! By this time they had reached the lodge-gate.

"If you will take my advice, Lord Pennyroyal," said Amicia, who was bored to death with sugar-beet—"if you will take my advice, you will get into your carriage and not attempt to walk on this dusty bit of road which leads to Ascot over the railway-bridge. It is very much cut up by carriages, and more like a desert than a road."

No, Lord Pennyroyal would not walk, he would get into his carriage; and he proceeded to call his party together.

"Are we all here?" said Lady Pennyroyal. "Where's Alice Carlton?"

"Yonder, behind the big tree," said Florry. "I see her dress. I'll call her." And then she cried: "Come along, Alice; we're waiting for you."

Whatever might have happened to the rest, those two under the mighty oak were lost to all feelings except their own; and so it happened that behind that great bole, which might have witnessed the rude addresses of the Saxon swincherds and handmaidens who looked after their lord's flocks and herds on the swine-lea, the vows of eternal constancy between Edward Vernon and Alice Carlton were interchanged, and, when she rose in con-

fusion from its shelter at Florry's voice, she felt herself as much wedded to Edward Vernon as if she had been formally married by special license or thrice called by banns in church.

And so in that short space of time one opportunity was well improved by Edward Vernon, and another as signally wasted by Harry Fortescue. While Alice was skipping up to them like a hind through the ferns, and Edward slowly following—for men recover their confusion, in such cases, much less rapidly than women—Amicia was measuring Florry Carlton with her eyes, and reckoning how much harm she had done her. "To fancy," she said to herself, "that I should have planned this drive and walk only to bring my love into the presence of my rival! It is too provoking. Though she looks so demure, I am sure, from his guilty look, that he has proposed to her and been accepted."

By this time Alice had sought the shelter of Lady Pennyroyal, and Edward stood a little aloof. He it was that felt guilty, and he did not dare to hand Alice into the carriage. When the Pennyroyal party had departed, Lady Charity said to Lady Sweetapple:

"Now they are gone, Amicia dear, shall we have a little walk and listen to the nightingales? It is only just eight."

"No," said Amicia; "the nightingales don't sing nearly so sweetly in June as they do in May. In fact, I very much doubt whether they sing at all. I think the Surrey nightingales, those we heard at High Beech, far sweeter than these can ever be at Swinley. I don't believe in Berkshire nightingales."

"But," said Edward, "we are just on the very borders of Surrey, for Bagshot is in Surrey."

"I tell you," said Amicia, positively, "there are no nightingales in Berkshire, and even if there were, they don't sing in June. More than that, if they sing, I don't care to hear them. There!" And, as she said "there," she stamped her little foot, and, like Naaman the Syrian, turned and went away in a rage.

"What's the use?" said Harry, philosophically. "Lady Sweetapple doesn't care to walk any more. Let us follow her to the carriage and go home."

So they followed her rather in terror at her temper. "If she will quarrel so with her bread-and-butter," thought Lady Charity, "who can help her?"

"What a temper!" thought Harry Fortescue. "I'm quite sure Edith's is nothing like that."

"How provoking! how mortifying! What a fool I was to propose this drive to Swinley!" said Amicia, half aloud. "Never mind, to-morrow shall see my triumph."

This consoled her a little, and when they got into the carriage she was less cross. And so they drove home and dined, and went to bed and slept in their cabins; and, as they kept the windows wide open, and plenty of fresh air came down the chimneys besides, they all slept as well as those could sleep who were so deeply lost in love.

CHAPTER LVI.

MRS. MARJORAM'S CONVERSION.

Ouzelmere, which the Pennyroyals had taken, was a much better house in a less picturesque position than Heath Lodge. It was, as the advertisements say, "replete with every comfort, and in every way fitted for the luxurious abode of a family of distinction." If Heath Lodge was set on a hill, Ouzelmere was down in the valley, and it so happened it was the very first house that the Pennyroyals reached after they had crossed the railway-bridge coming from Swinley. Why was it called Ouzelmere? What a question! Of course, from the water-ouzes which used to inhabit the neighboring mere, but which, it is believed, were extinct before the Conquest, about the time that the beaver left the same locality.

"A very excellent villa," said Lady Pennyroyal, when she arrived, and had inspected the house; "and what charming grounds!"

"Very dear, I think, at a hundred pounds a week," said Lord Pennyroyal. "How they can have the conscience to ask such a sum I can't think."

"I have often heard you say," said Lady Pennyroyal, "that the price of a thing is what it will fetch, and as good houses fetch that price, or more, at Ascot during the race-week, I really don't see why we should grumble."

"The weak thing was to have come at all," said Lord Pennyroyal.

"Dear me," said Lady Pennyroyal, anxious to change the conversation, "I had quite forgotten the Marjorams all this while. There they are on the terrace. I really must go and speak to them."

Yes, there they were on the terrace, the Marjorams. Mrs. Marjoram was late for the 2.5 train, because she would not have luncheon a little earlier than usual, and so they had to go down by the 4.45 train, with all the stock-brokers who live on the line, and all the horse-jockeys who live on the races. There was, therefore, a great rush of snobs and blackguards; and "respectable people," as Mrs. Marjoram designated her husband and herself, suffered accordingly. However, they got down to Ascot, only nearly an hour late—"very good going" as the guard said—and the only dreadful thing that happened was that Mrs. Marjoram's big black box had to be left behind at the station, because there were neither flies, nor trucks, nor porters, to take charge of it.

"If you were a man," said Mrs. Marjoram, "you would take it up on your back, Mr. Marjoram, and carry it for me to Ouzelmere. That's what you ought to be willing to do on emergency like this."

"But, my dear," said Mr. Marjoram, "I say with Shakespeare, 'I dare do all that doth become a man,' but no man can be expected to carry on his back a box that weighs two hundredweight."

"Mr. Marjoram," said Mrs. Marjoram, like a vinegar-cruet full of Chili vinegar, so sharp was she—"Mr. Marjoram, how often have I forbidden you to shock my feelings by quotations from plays and playwrights? It

able difference between the English and the Chinese game. For instance, in the Chinese game, instead of a queen, the king has a son on each side of him to support him; and there is also a piece called the *rocket-boy*, stationed between the line of each party, and who acts with the motion of a rocket, vaulting over a man and taking his adversary at the other end of the board.

This is considered by Mr. Irwin, and very justly too, as an indisputable evidence that gunpowder was used at a very early period in the military annals of China.

The manuscript of the Chinese mandarin also attributes the invention of the game to a Chinese general about one hundred years before Christ, who by this means reconciled his soldiers to passing the winter in quarters in the country of Shensi, the cold and inconveniences of which were such as almost occasioned a mutiny among them.

Persia, however, claims the invention, and many writers contend that, as *schah-mat* is the Persian term for checkmate, and the Persians were sedulous in recommending the game to their young princes, as calculated to instruct kings in the art of war, and as the name they gave it, *Schatrak*, signifies the game of *schah*, or king, therefore, this game was most likely to have originated with the Persians; but I think, upon summing up the arguments and proofs on all sides, that the credit of the invention of chess, like many other things, justly belongs to China.

One very strong argument in favor of the Asiatic origin of chess is the original names of the pieces. The king being the first and most important piece in the game, has always been dignified by the title of *king*; but the second piece, the queen, has undergone many changes of name. By the ancient Hindoos it was called *mautri*, and by the Persians *farzin*, both of which terms mean "monitor" or "counsellor," or, as we should now say, "grand-vizier" or "prime-minister." Originally, however, the piece seems to have been an allied king, who, in course of time, was somehow reduced to a subordinate position, and forced to become the chief adviser and servant of his former equal.

There seems to be a manifest absurdity in calling the second piece in the game a *queen*. The primary signification of prime-minister, or vizier, is by far the more reasonable one, for, according to the laws of the game, if a pawn, or common soldier, penetrates through the ranks of the enemy into the farther side of the chess-board, he is rewarded with an elevation of rank. If the second piece be prime-minister, or vizier, we can easily understand how a brave soldier can be elevated to his rank; but if it be a woman, how is it that the soldier changes his sex and becomes a woman?

The thin piece, commonly called the *bishop*, comes next under consideration, and is called in the East *serjeant*, and was originally of the figure of an elephant, whose name it bore.

The fourth piece, the *knight*, has suffered no change.

The *rook*, or *castle*, is called by the Eastern people the *rokh*, and the Hindoos make it of the figure of a camel. There is something also ridiculous in calling this piece the *castle*,

for, in the East, the word *rokh* signifies a sort of camel used in war and placed upon the wings of the armies as light horse. Now, how is it possible for a castle to move with the fleetness of a camel, which is symbolized in the rapid motion of this piece from one side of the board to the other?

The *pawn*, or common soldier, has suffered no change.

Originally, the moves in chess were very different from those now. The king, queen, and pawn, took but one step at a time, the bishop and knight but two, and the rook was the only one who had an unlimited sweep of the file. The present moves are as follows: the king takes but one step in any direction, forward, backward, diagonally, or laterally; the queen takes as many steps as she has inclination or space, in any direction, consequently she is the most powerful piece on the board; the bishop moves diagonally on his own color only, as far as he has space or inclination to go; the knight moves two steps forward and one laterally, or perhaps it were better to say one step forward and one diagonally; the knight is the only piece that has the privilege of leaping over another piece; the rook has an unlimited sweep of the file on which he stands, forward, backward, or laterally, provided that no other piece interrupts his passage.

The king is the most valuable piece on the board; as he cannot be taken, he is invaluable, and must always be saluted with the word *check* when attacked by any of his adversaries. The queen comes next to him in value; then the rooks; then the bishops; then the knights, although some writers consider these two latter of equal value. There is hardly any difference in the value of the pawns, except that perhaps the king's-bishop's pawn is the best.

In different countries the game is played with slight differences, but the actuating principle of the game is the same the world over. In Russia, the queen, in addition to her other moves, has also the knight's move, which, according to Philidor, spoils the game, but which certainly adds much to its difficulty. Chess may almost be said to be the national game of the Russians, for in every coffee-house and restaurant one may see parties engaged in playing, and almost everybody understands how to play it. It is a common custom there to play four-handed, somewhat on the principle of our consultation-games.

Chess is a very jealous mistress. To be a proficient in the game, one's whole attention must be devoted to it. It needs constant study and practice. Those who have acquired a reputation before the world as strong players have devoted years to its study and in some instances whole lives. Such men as Philidor, Anderssen, Staunton, and our own champion Morphy, suffered naught to interfere with their devotion to their jealous mistress, and were rewarded for their devotion by triumphant success. Chess is a game which is free from all the objections which can be pleaded against almost all other games. It is ennobling, instructive, and develops the thinking faculties of the brain to an extent that no other game does. A good chess-player is generally an intellectually-smart man. A

stupid man could never achieve success in chess.

I will close this article by mentioning a few instances of the fascination which this game has for even crowned heads.

In the chronicles of the Moorish kings of Granada, we find it stated that, in 1396, Mehemet Balba seized on the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in a continual round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful, and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he dispatched an officer to the fort of Salabrena to put his brother Juzaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The officer found the prince playing at chess with a priest. Juzaf begged hard for two hours' respite, which was denied him. At last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game; but, before it was concluded, a messenger arrived with the news that Mehemet was dead, and Juzaf unanimously elected to the throne.

When Charles XII., of Sweden, was at Bender, Voltaire says: "For his only amusement he sometimes played at chess. If little things paint men, I may be allowed to mention, he made the king march at that game. He made use of it more than of any of the other pieces, and by that means he lost every game. And again, when he was besieged by the Turks in the house in which he had shut himself up near Bender, after he had well barricaded the house, he sat down coolly to play at chess with his favorite Grothusen, as if every thing had been in profound security."

John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles V., was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short space, and making some reflections upon the irregularity of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention, and, having beaten Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty after five years' confinement.

King Charles I., of England, was at chess when the news was brought him of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but, so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued the game with the utmost composure, so that no person could have known that the letter he had received had given him information of any thing remarkable.

Carte, the historian, mentions a chess-match in the year 1087 between Henry I., of England, before he was king, and Louis le Gros, son of Philip, king of France. Louis, having lost several games and much money, was so irritated that he threw the chess-men at Henry's head, in return for which Henry struck the French prince with the board, laid him bleeding on the floor, and would have killed him, had it not been for timely interposition.

DANIEL E. HERVEY

TABLE-TALK.

FIGURES are slandered when they are called dry; and, although ingenuity may sometimes pervert them into proving any thing, they are yet the most trustworthy indices afforded by science wherewith to gauge material facts. A recent report of the Boston Board of Trade affords some interesting data to guide us in estimating the commercial growth and activity of that city. From this it appears that Boston supports 13,179 industrial establishments, whose aggregate capital is \$231,986,862, and which afford occupation to 278,861 males, females, and youths; the aggregate wages given being \$118,173,636 annually, the raw materials used costing \$334,682,188, and the products having a value of \$555,445,697. Of Boston manufactures that of cotton goods takes the lead, while woollen goods, boots and shoes, iron-work, machinery, and paper, rank next, in the order given; the smallest manufactures are those of canned fruits, toys, and boats. The marine tables show that during the year 1871-'72 the number of coastwise vessels arriving at the port was 6,326; of foreign vessels, 3,718, the clearances being respectively 2,546 and 3,395. The exports and imports embrace a wide range, from A to Z—from ashes to zinc. The sum total of exports was \$19,507,126; that of imports, \$61,627,316; this is a somewhat unhealthy contrast, for the exports are, of course, inversely in amount to the amount of money sent abroad, and the constant struggle is, or should be, to equalize exports and imports, or, if possible, to attain a preponderance of the former. In 1871-'72 the breadstuffs and provisions exported from Boston amounted to \$118,226,406. The report gives many proofs that the trade of Boston is on the move, and calls attention to the increase in the manufacture of all leading articles, and of the amount of exports over the previous year, the large number of new stores and warehouses which have been and are still being erected, and the continued rapid advance of real estate both in the city and in its suburbs. On the filled-in lands of the Back Bay long rows of swell fronts and brick dwellings are in constant process of erection; while on the other side of the bay, on spaces which were but yesterday rank marshes, streets are being made and blocks are fast rising on every hand. Boston seems to have suffered little from trade agitations, there having been no strike seriously affecting its business activity; there is plenty of work, as the manufacturers find their hands full; neither is there observable any lack of labor, for the country each year sends its quota of healthy frames and farm-moulded muscles to the foundries, looms, and workshops. Meanwhile, such feeders of Boston commerce as Lynn, Lowell, Haverhill, Lawrence, and Fall River, are prospering in their various industries, with the exception of the trouble between the Lynn Crispins and

the manufacturers, which threatens to cripple the production of boots and shoes for a while, at least. On the whole, Boston has reason to be satisfied with her material condition, and with the even better prospects which are opening before her.

— If any one doubts the astonishing revival among the Japanese in the direction of accepting the conditions of Western civilization, let him be convinced by the fact that on the 12th day of last June, the first Japanese railway was opened between Yokohama and Sinagawa. The scene, as the first train moved smoothly out of the Yokohama station, must have been picturesque in the extreme. Englishmen worked the engine, and managed the train as conductors; but the freight was made up of venturesome natives, who grinned from every window on the gaping crowd of their swarthy, square-faced countrymen, assembled in multitudes to witness the marvel. Among the passengers were daimios and high officials; indeed, his excellency the prime-minister had intended to mark the event by making the perilous jaunt in person, but, being delayed by affairs of state, was unceremoniously left behind. The shrill whistle made the Japanese gazers laugh, while the rattle of the wheels and the puffing of the engine rather staggered their equanimity. The cars were, after the fashion of English "carriages," divided into compartments of first, second, and third class; so, while the English are gravely considering the expediency of changing their system for the American, the Japanese must as yet be content with the confessedly inferior English method. The Japanese road has a narrow gauge, and it is said that the construction of the line—which is but a brief one—was less costly per mile than the English railways were. Where a railway has been successfully laid down and put in operation in a country hitherto ignorant of such a blessing, it of necessity carries with it almost every material element of modern civilization. The self-demonstrated success of the first line gives a start to many others; presently, the Oriental Britain, as Japan, by reason of its insular position and contiguity to the continent, has been called, will be crossed and recrossed by railways; and, as the Japanese are a deft and skilful people, manufactures and commerce will grow rapidly along the lines. Telegraph-lines there are already between Yokohama, Sinagawa, and Yeddo, and the Japanese have been very busy of late constructing arsenals and building a navy and merchant marine. This vast change from the state of things described even by recent travellers, is perhaps partly due to the concentration of power, ecclesiastical and political, in the hands of a single ruler, instead of its division into the priestly sovereignty of the mikado, the secular sovereignty of the tycoon, and the feudal-like local sovereignty of the various daimios, or grandees. These are now all centred in the hands of the mikado, who com-

pelled the tycoon to abdicate, and pensioned off the daimios in compensation for the loss of their political power. The journey of the embassy which recently left us, and is now making the tour of Europe, will enable its intelligent members to carry back important practical observations; and if the mikado should journey, as it is rumored he may, in their path, he will no doubt be encouraged to pursue the road upon which he seems to have resolutely entered.

— A correspondent of the London *Examiner*, an editor of fifteen years' standing, discussing the relative merits of the newspaper press of different countries, is of opinion that the Englishman wants his news "in a detailed and calm sort of way. He must have full particulars, even at the expense of iteration." The American, on the contrary, "wants to be informed in a more sensational way. Being far away from Europe, and having little to do with her in political or social matters, he does not care about being particularly or correctly informed as to what is going on there, but he must be informed quickly, in a spicy way, so as to give him an opportunity of having a good sneer at the Old World, and, above all, the information must be got at a considerable expense, otherwise it has no interest for him, since in his practical dictionary 'importance' and 'expensiveness' are synonyms." This is of a piece with the traditional Yankee which our bilious cousin has introduced to the world as the representative American, the being with striped trousers and cow-hide boots, who forever whittles and expectorates and guesses and swears "by gosh." In *Punch* and in *Judy* we laugh at our caricature, but, when we see similar food served up to the readers of a staid literary journal, we cannot but pity those whose credulity is thus imposed upon. We do not intend to enter the lists as the champion of our daily press. Our newspapers are able to hold their own against their European competitors, whether in the field of news or of editorial ability; and, so far as accuracy of statement is concerned, they will bear comparison with the best of English journals. The ignorance and blundering stupidity of the latter in regard to American affairs are proverbial. Even the scholarly weeklies are guilty of unwitting misstatements which would shame an American school-boy. The American and the English newspapers are too dissimilar to be compared. The former is a newspaper in the proper sense of the word, and seldom trespasses on the domain of the magazine and the quarterly. It presents lucidly and succinctly the news of the day, so that the business-man may seize at once the salient points without being obliged to read through columns of irrelevant matter. The sneer at the "expensiveness" of American news is a tribute to the business ability and energy of our publishers; but, to our public, news is valuable, not because it is expensive,

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but because it is new. If our English cousins would exhibit equal assiduity in the collection of facts, instead of devoting their columns to prosy disquisitions on ponderous subjects, which none but retired country gentlemen ever find time to read, they would not so often be under the necessity of retelegraphing important news concerning their own hemisphere across the Atlantic the day after it has appeared in the New-York papers. But, as the Englishman prefers his news "in a detailed and calm sort of way," perhaps it is just as well that it should reach him after it has been strained through our colander, for then he avoids the possibility of being choked by that bugaboo, a "sensation."

— It is not only in this country that important causes break down through the inability of juries to agree. A murder case, which threatens to rival the Stokes case, has recently been tried in the north of Ireland. It is a case which, for many reasons, has created quite exceptional excitement. The murdered man was manager of a branch bank in a small town called Newtown Stewart, in the north of Ireland. Shortly after the bank closed in the afternoon, the crime was committed, and a robbery effected. Suspicion fell on a young sub-inspector of the famous constabulary force, called Montgomery. When he was recently brought to trial, after a succession of delays, a most incriminating chain of evidence was brought against him. The jury, however, after a prolonged detention, found themselves utterly unable to agree, and there will be a new trial.

Correspondence.

English Character.

WASHINGTON, D. C. August 30, 1872.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

I SEE you are disposed to take down a little my account of the "Britishers," in number 189 of the *JOURNAL*. There is, no doubt, justness and fitness in what you say. Most Americans, I imagine, judging from their experience with Englishmen in this country, will marvel not a little at my statements. I myself have never been in love with the typical Englishman as he has appeared upon our shores. Indeed, I have cordially disliked him. He is too generally arrogant, fault-finding, and supercilious. The very traits of loudness, sharpness, and unlearnedness which I complain of in our national manners, he very frequently exemplifies in an exaggerated form. I feel, and have always felt, more congeniality toward the German or Scotchman; more *en rapport* with him; and, no doubt, these elements fuse and mix into our nationality much more readily than the purely English. The Englishman will not adapt himself to his surroundings; he is not the least bit an imitative animal; he will be nothing but an Englishman, and is out of place—an anomaly—in any country but his own. To understand him, you must see him at home in the British island, where he grew, where he belongs, where he has expressed himself and justified himself, and his interior,

unconscious characteristics are revealed. There he is quite a different creature from what he is abroad. There he is "sweet," but he sours the moment he steps off the island.

Still I did not fall in love with any individual Englishman while abroad, but rather with the general tone and atmosphere that prevailed, and with the manners of the people as a whole. You feel the past there as you cannot feel it here; and, along with impressions of the present, one gets the flavor and influence of earlier, simpler times, which, no doubt, is a potent charm, and one source of the "rose-color" which you find in my article, as the absence of it is one cause of the raw, acrid, unlovely character of much there is in this country. If the English are the old wine, we are the new. We are not yet thoroughly leavened as a people, nor have we more than begun to transmute and humanize our surroundings; and, as the digestive and assimilative powers of the American are clearly less than those of the Englishman; as we are more heady and less stomachic than our cousins across the water, having less blood and unction and fluidity of character, to say nothing of our harsher, more violent climate, I have no idea that ours can ever become the mellow land that Britain is.

As for the charge of brutality, there is, doubtless, good ground for it, though I actually saw very little of it during five-weeks' residence in London, and I poked about into all the dens and corners I could find, and perambulated the streets at nearly all hours of the night and day. Yet I am persuaded there is a kind of brutality among the lower orders in England that does not exist in the same measure in this country—an ignorant animal coarseness and insensibility, which gives rise to wife-beating and kindred offences. But the brutality of ignorance and stolidity is not the worst form. It is good material to make something better of. It is an excess, and not a perversion. It is not man fallen, but man undeveloped. Beware, rather, that refined, subsidized brutality; that thin, depleted, moral consciousness; or that contemptuous, cankerous, euphemistic brutality, of which, I believe, we can show vastly more samples than Great Britain. Indeed, I believe, for the most part, that the brutality of the English people is only the excess and plethora of that healthful, muscular robustness and full-bloodedness for which the nation has always been famous, and which it should prize beyond almost any thing else. But for our brutality, our recklessness of life and property, the brazen ruffianism in our great cities, the hellish greed and robbery and plunder in high places, I should have to look a long time to find so plausible an excuse.

If there is any class that may be expected to reflect the worst phases of the morals and manners of a people, it seems to me it is the sporting gentry, the prize-fighters; and yet, if we can credit a writer in the *London News*, who recently paid a visit to the headquarters of the profession in the British metropolis, the cockney bruisers are singularly simple and innocuous characters. There was plenty of hard hitting from the shoulder and hearty enjoyment of the sport, but the songs, jests, amusements, and, I judged, the whole atmosphere of the place, were healthful and good. There was no swearing or swaggering or ribaldry to be heard.

That I may not seem alone in this view of our British cousins, I will cite the opinion of Hawthorne, who, though less taken with things in the mother-country than I was, was yet forced to admit that they were a "franker and simpler people, from peer to peasant," than we are; and that they had not yet wandered

so far from that "healthful and primitive simplicity in which man was created," as have their descendants in this country.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Criminal Lawyers.

WASHINGTON, September 10, 1872.

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

THE author of the article, with the above heading, in the *JOURNAL* of September 7, 1872, has, wittingly or unwittingly, opened up for discussion the whole question of the right of those accused of crime to a defender. The system, which has grown up from the germ of the idea of the worth of life and liberty to the humblest individual—a system dear to the Anglo-Saxon mind as the peculiar product of its own Christian civilization—he would overturn with an aphorism.

Ignoring the truth that underlies those maxims of English law—that "it is better that ten guilty men escape than that one innocent person be punished," or that other, which is the bulwark of personal liberty, "Every accused person is to be supposed innocent till *proved to be guilty*"—he denounces the defenders of the accused, and places the successful barrister on a level with the burglar and jail-breaker.

Ignoring the fact of the growing and widespread unwillingness on the part of juries to commit judicial murder—to inflict the death-penalty while there remains the slightest doubt of the fact that the accused did knowingly commit the crime in its most definite and unmistakable form—he attributes wholly to the tricks of the attorney what should undoubtedly, in a measure, be credited to this noble instinct of man—the unwillingness to sentence a fellow-man to death so long as a shadow of a doubt remains of his having in every technicality violated the law. To this growing popular estimate of the value of life is it owing that the infliction of the death-penalty is no longer attached to the violation of trifling rights of property, as was notably the case down to a recent period in Great Britain, where the poaching of a rabbit, or the stealing of a loaf of bread by a starving child, led as inevitably to Tyburn Tree as did the most atrocious murder by the most noted criminal.

Were the laws in reference to capital cases revised, and the alternative of imprisonment for life permitted at the discretion of juries, it is not improbable that verdicts of "not guilty" would be far less common, even were another Brady to arise with the powers of matchless persuasion that made the silver-tongued orator so invincible.

As all individual souls are of equal account in value to the All-seeing, All-judging, so to the state the life of Citizen Jones, accused of the murder of Citizen Smith, is of equal value with that of any other citizen.

The liberty of Citizen Jones is not to be interfered with save by due process of law; the whole power of the state, if need be, is to be exerted to preserve his life and person from violence at the hands of the friends of Citizen Smith.

Against the public executioner, as against the public Lyncher, the state interposes its protection. By an impartial, unprejudiced jury of his peers, the question of his guilt or innocence is to be ascertained.

A public officer, whose duty is to see that the state or that the citizen suffer no wrong, is appointed. His original duty was as much to protect the accused as the state; but, such is the weakness of human nature, that the bias

of his mind, from the fact that he often was practically in charge *only* of the interest of the public as against the accused, became so habitually on the side of the state, that, whenever it happens that the accused is too poor to employ counsel, the judge appoints, from the ablest of the bar, one to defend the prisoner. Several of the fifty-one capital cases successfully defended by the late James T. Brady were thus assigned to him by the judge presiding.

All human institutions are admittedly imperfect and fallible. The best to which man can attain falls far short of his ideal of excellence, but there is a relative approach toward that ideal recognizable by man. The nearest attainable good for the whole has been found to be only obtainable by securing the personal rights of the individual. As the value and importance of a man as a man has become realized, Inquisitions, Bastilles, death-penalties, chattel-slavery, one by one have vanished from among living men; and to the bravery and ability of barristers, who, in all ages and before all tribunals, have dared to defend the accused, has this gradual advance of civilization—rightly to be measured everywhere by the increased importance of the individual man—been largely owing.

"Equal before the law," the highest title and evidence of citizenship—of freedom!

It strikes off the shackles from the limbs of the black slave; it grasps by the hand the new-comer from Ireland or Germany, or from whatever corner of the wide earth he may have left a home, and welcomes each and all to citizenship.

Our writer does not seem to see that the personal liberty of the individual is the very corner-stone of the structure of our modern free society, and that this personal liberty were the merest sham if the accused had not the right of defence; and that, *this being granted*, to quarrel with the excellence of the defence, to plead that it sometimes clears the guilty, is only to say, either that it is better that *all accused be punished*, or that our modern ideas of justice and liberty are all wrong.

As long as a free state with free citizens—our American Republic—is believed in, it is not logical, and it is not just, to denounce as criminals, or as aiders and abettors of criminals, those who defend the accused. There is no nobler duty, no grander task, than the defence of the weak, the poor, the unfortunate; there is no higher civil duty, none which more nearly concerns the citizens of a free state, than the defence of the accused. "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me!"

Our Lord found no words of deeper condemnation or of higher praise!

J. E. C.

Miscellany.

Stanley in London.

SINCE my last I have spent an evening in the society of the youthful explorer. He impresses every one favorably. He is quiet, composed, and intelligent. The journey has done no harm to his health. His eyes have the peculiar darkness which the eyes of white men get under a tropical sun, and his skin is a little burned, but he is strong and active, and I really believe would be nothing loath to start again for Ujiji, and I think he would succeed in the trip. He says that he often finds it difficult to realize what has happened. It is as a dream. The exquisite cookery at the various

banquets which he is pressed to attend is in curious contrast to the dietary he was obliged to observe in his journey through the African forests and morasses. The sparkle of the wines, the lavishness of the decorations, the toilets of the ladies, the paintings on the walls—he looks at them, presses his eyes with his hands, and asks if he is asleep or awake. He is the model of a "special correspondent," and he preserves all the instincts of the order. A thorough newspaper man will enjoy a gossip with Mr. Stanley. There is all the quickness, the ready appreciation of a "point," the fertility of suggestion, and the fidelity which distinguish the Napoleons and Shermans of journalism.

The foreign minister has not been slow to entertain the discoverer of Livingstone. At the dinner, Earl Granville talked long and freely with his guest, as also did the Duke of Argyll and Sir Henry Rawlinson. At Lady Franklin's, Mr. Stanley met some sixty people. Not the least agreeable of the parties to his honor was one given last night at the Junior United Service Club by Colonel Muter, proprietor of the *Anglo-American Times*. The dinner was sumptuous; the wines good; the company pleasant. There were to be no speeches; that was clearly announced. Speaking at dinners was a bore. Every one was to eat without the leaden weight of an expected address pressing down his spirits. However, there must be one exception. Mr. Stanley could not sit there unnoticed.

"We don't find a Livingstone every day," as somebody said.

So the gallant host proposed a toast to Mr. Stanley, and with his reply all was to end. Mr. Stanley began very coolly. He touched lightly upon the circumstances attending his engagement, and deprecated any merit save that of having done his best. He depicted Livingstone alone, disheartened, in want of stores. Using details communicated to him by Livingstone himself, Mr. Stanley went on to describe the expectations which were unrealized, the plans which were only half carried out, the uncertainty of the future. The arrival of the American and his caravan, not forgetting the tall black with the flag, was told with warmth, and then the speaker was fully on with his theme. His memory brought back the long walks, the daily experience, the deeply-interesting chat.

Passing a dense forest, Livingstone one day said to him, pointing to a particular spot of green grass:

"I often long to lie at spots like that, and be at rest. I should like to be buried in just such a place. Not Westminster Abbey, nor St. Paul's, but here, without a stone to show where I sleep."

Stanley, himself full of life and vigor, could hardly understand the pining of the old veteran for an end to his wanderings. It was impossible to listen to these recollections unaffected. The very footmen of the club clustered behind the screen near the doors and listened with open mouths and eager eyes.—*Correspondence Boston Daily Advertiser.*

German Law.

A curious work, on "The Humorous Element in German Law," by O. Gieske, has just been published in Berlin. The author describes the punishments which were inflicted in the various parts of Germany, in some cases up to a very recent period, with the object of humiliating the culprit, and exposing him to public ridicule. A common punishment was that of going in procession through the streets of a town or village in a dress covered with

images of swords, whips, rods, and other instruments of corporal chastisement. In Hesse women who had beaten their husbands were made to ride backward on a donkey, holding his tail, on which occasions the animal was led through the streets by the husband. This custom existed in Darmstadt up to the middle of the seventeenth century, and was so common that a donkey was kept always ready for the purpose in the capital and the neighboring villages. If the woman struck her husband in such a manner that he could not ward off the blow, the donkey was led by the man who had charge of him; if not, then by the husband himself. At St. Goar a miller was allowed a certain quantity of wood from the forest belonging to the town, in return for which he was bound to supply a donkey to the municipality whenever required for the chastisement of a scolding wife. Another very old custom was that of punishing a henpecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does not deserve any protection against wind and weather." If two women fought in public, they were each put in a sort of closed sentry-box, which only left their heads exposed, and then posted opposite each other in the market-place, where they remained for an hour, face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet. A common punishment for scolding women was the "shameful stone," which was hung around their necks. This stone was usually in the shape of a bottle. At Hamburg libellers and slanderers were compelled to stand on a block and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a sign of repentance. This custom still existed thirty or forty years ago. In some towns the "shameful stone" was in the shape of a loaf, whence the German saying, "A heavy bit of bread." At Lübeck it was in the shape of an oval dish, and in other places in that of a woman putting out her tongue. Such stones were usually very heavy. According to the law of Dortmund and Halberstadt (1348), they were to weigh a hundred-weight. Those who were wealthy could purchase exemption from this punishment with a bagful of hops tied with a red ribbon.

California Big Trees.

Professor Asa Gray, the retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, gave, at the opening session, an interesting sketch of his botanical observations at the West, referring particularly to the "big trees" of California, the *Sequoia gigantea*, their history and relation to the fossil trees of geological ages. Of the possible theories respecting these forest phenomena, Professor Gray maintained that they were the lineal successors of a prehistoric race of trees which once crowded the hills and valleys of the world. His argument is summed up as follows: At the beginning of the Tertiary period the northern temperate zone was a region of perpetual summer. Gradually, glaciers rolled down from the north, driving all vegetation far to the south. Then a warmer climate came again, and freed the greater part of the Northern Hemisphere from its fetters of ice. As these melted away, vegetation extended northward, but not to its former limits. These facts furnish a clew to the history of the "big trees." If their ancestors were numbered by hundreds of thousands, their fossil remains must exist in the strata formed by the great ice-flood that swept over the northern half of the globe. Research has found the fossil *Sequoia gigantea* throughout the Miocene formations of Northern Europe, and in those of Ice-

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land, Spitzbergen, Greenland, Alaska, and the Rocky Mountains. All of these fossil specimens are almost the same as the "big trees" of to-day. This crucial test shows that before man sprang from the dust of the Garden of Eden, according to Genesis, or was evolved from the ape of Northern Africa, according to Darwin, the *Sequoia gigantea* belted Northern America, Asia, and Europe, and the islands of the northern seas.

High Postage.

"When postage was high," says a writer in *Temple Bar*, "letters were luxuries in which persons far above the condition of those who are called poor could not often indulge. We cannot give a better illustration of this than one we find in a letter addressed by Mr. Collins, the artist, to his brother, in 1816, when the landscape-painter was twenty-eight years of age. Collins was then at Hastings, sketching, and had invited his brother to come down from Saturday until Monday: 'The whole amount of the expense would be the coach, provided you put two biscuits in your pocket, which would answer as a lunch; and I would have dinner for you, which would not increase my expenditure above tenpence. I shall be at the place where the coach stops for you, should you be able to come. Write me nothing about it unless you have other business, for a letter costs a dinner!'"

The two British monarchs who, according to tradition, have inhabited the greatest number of houses in various parts of the dominions they govern, appear to have been Elizabeth and Cromwell. An old house in Chancery Lane, which has recently been improved off the face of that artery, is said to have been the residence of the Protector, and its demolition drew attention to this circumstance, and to the extraordinary number of houses in which he is said to have slept. As regards Elizabeth, the number of houses claiming to have been honored as her abode is explained by her notorious habit of quartering herself upon her subjects, a practice on which the entry in Mr. Dormer's diary—"The queen is gone, thank God! carrying off my best cup"—forms a somewhat notable commentary. Cromwell, however, was not addicted to diverting himself in this wise, and the variety of his sleeping-places is accounted for by the well-known tradition that, in his latter days, he became so nervous about assassination that he continually shifted his quarters.

In their signatures, many of the English prelates retain an abbreviation of the Latin names of their respective sees. Thus, the Archbishop of Canterbury signs "A. C. Cantuar;" the Archbishop of York, "Wm. Ebor" (short for Eboracensis); the Bishop of Durham, "— Dunelm;" the Bishop of Winchester, "S. Winton;" the Bishop of Salisbury, "— Sarum;" the Bishop of Oxford, "E. Oxon." Sometimes these signatures have been a great puzzle. An instance occurred some years ago when a gentleman entirely repudiated all knowledge of a person who addressed a letter to him signed "E. Dunelm," to discover subsequently that his correspondent was no less a personage than the Bishop of Durham.

A most unusual amount of real estate has been changing hands in England lately, and prices have ruled extremely high. The purchasers have chiefly been successful commercial men, and the sellers noblemen and gentlemen. An estate which fetched £180,000 in

Sutherlandshire, Scotland, being almost the only one in the county not belonging to the duke of that ilk, passed into the hands of a rich Yorkshireman named Welker, while Mr. Fielden, a manufacturer in the last-named county, has given a nobleman £265,000 for a splendid seat in the same, comprising 2,900 acres. The Duke of Cleveland has purchased the reversionary interest of his nephew for £200,000 and £20,000 a year.

Foreign Items.

THE Rev. Olaf Olafsen, a Norwegian minister, was beheaded on the 20th of July at Tromsø, in the extreme north of Norway. He had been convicted of having poisoned his aged father, and of having assassinated his three illegitimate children. He was arrested at the instigation of his former mistress, Bertha Hillgren, and, in consequence of his strenuous denials of guilt, subjected to the torture of being deprived of water for three days, and once, for twenty-four hours, he was chained to the wall of his dungeon in an erect position. The sentence finally pronounced against him was that, for twenty-four hours, he should be exposed at the pillory with his right hand nailed to the board of infamy, and that he should then have his right hand chopped off, and his head cut off with the axe. Upon hearing his doom, the wretched man fell on his knees, and implored the audience to shoot him, in order to put an end to his misery. Nearly twenty thousand people witnessed the exposure and execution of the criminal.

The relatives of the Prussian Lieutenant von Hafften, who eloped with two young girls (sisters) from Berlin, and who is now said to be with them at Salt-Lake City, have published a card, in which they assert that he is insane on the subject of free-love, and that he has been misled by the pernicious teachings of a Mormon missionary named Hansen.

Monsieur de Paris—that is to say, the headman of Paris, is a fine-looking man, who always dresses in faultless broadcloth on the scaffold. When his attendants fasten the poor wretch to the fatal board on the guillotine, he whispers to him, in the suavest manner: "Courage, my friend, it will not hurt you much!"

An organ-grinder at Marseilles was recently sentenced to six days' imprisonment for playing "Partant pour la Syrie," the air said to have been composed by Queen Hortense. The magistrate who condemned the poor fellow was appointed to his present position by Queen Hortense's son.

Bismarck, says a Berlin Jenkins, smokes daily nine twenty-cent cigars, and drinks about four dollars' worth of beer and wine. His tailor's bill annually amounts, on an average, to six hundred dollars; and he pays his servants, in the aggregate, about twenty-four hundred dollars a year.

Manfredi, an Italian Jew, and his wife are now under sentence of death at Marseilles for having put out the eyes of a young girl from Nice whom they had abducted from her native country. They destroyed her eyesight, being fearful that she might identify them.

Dr. Robert Ponts, the great German literary critic, and generally considered the most brilliant lecturer of his country, left his family, after a most laborious and economical life, the pittance of four dollars. His friends sub-

scribed money enough to give him a decent burial.

American literature does not seem to interest the students at the new University of Strasbourg very much, for only four of them attend the lectures which Dr. von Holst, formerly of New York, is delivering there on that subject.

A locksmith at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, pretends to have invented a new universal language. He laid the matter before the mayor of the city, who at once took steps to find out whether the inventor was of sane mind or not.

A Paris correspondent of the Vienna *Press* says: "It is no longer doubtful that Gounod, the great Gounod, is stark mad. His relatives still deny it. But I have positive information on the subject."

King Amadeus received one of the buckshots that were fired at him in the white of his eye, where it is now plainly visible.

The Hungarian Academy of Science has offered a prize of five hundred florins for the best translation of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." into the Magyar language.

The horrors of Servian executions attract general attention in Europe. Recently six criminals were broken on the wheel in that country.

Moritz von Schwind's magnificent illustrations of the "Story of the Seven Ravens" have recently been published by a Munich firm at an expense of thirty thousand dollars.

The latest official returns of the Berlin post-office show that two thousand four hundred and six daily American newspapers are regularly received there.

Poor Carlotta, in the last stages of her insanity, believed that she was a wild-beast, and refused to take any food except raw meat.

A news-vender in Berlin was fined, recently, twenty thalers for having sold a copy of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*.

Thomas Nast is enthusiastically praised for his caricatures in the leading newspapers of Germany.

Victor Hugo's new novel will be entitled "The Last of the Infamous." It will describe the last months of the rule of Napoleon III.

There are in Germany nineteen hundred Odd-Fellows, and in France six hundred and fifty.

King Louis of Bavaria has taken lessons in English previous to his intended two months' journey through Great Britain next fall.

Dr. Augustus Petermann, of Gotha, believes that Henry Stanley's Livingstone letters are genuine.

George Sand advocates, in a letter to the *Revue Moderne*, the organization of female freemasonry in France.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria is known to be a confirmed consumptive, and is not expected to survive the next twelve months.

The French author receiving at the present time the largest copyright is Emile Littré.

George Sand has sold the copyright of her works for five hundred thousand francs.

Varieties.

A PROCESS of wood-carving by machinery has been introduced in Paris, by M. Lanteigne. It is adapted to all kinds of wood—the harder and drier the better. The wood is passed through rolls or matrix cylinders, whereby any desired pattern is impressed upon the surface with a delicacy and effect that compare favorably with the work of skilled carvers, and at a cost almost nominal. The process is rapid, as ten superficial feet of finished work can be produced per second.

A few weeks since a well-educated young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, suddenly disappeared from her home in an Eastern city. She was finally discovered, dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes, and working in a carriage-factory, about forty miles away. When taken back, she avowed that her sole object was to be talked about. "Didn't the neighbors talk when I left," she said, "and won't they talk more now, when they hear where I have been, and what I have done?"

An ingenious apparatus has been invented by a French physician, by which the heart is made to register photographically its own pulsations. Such, it is said, is the peculiarity of the apparatus, in its adaptation to different uses, that it may be modified so as to register the variations of the respiration, the irregular action of coughing, and similar physiological phenomena.

The objection incidentally raised in connection with the one-cent postal-cards that improper language may be used by writers, to the detriment of recipients, is done away with by the fact that persons so disposed may do the same on the backs of envelopes now, and that there is a post-office order to prevent the delivery of such communications.

John William Harding, an Englishman, was recently detected in robbing a mail-bag at the South-African diamond-fields, and, on examining his luggage, 2,347 diamonds and more than £1,000 in money were found in the stock

of his gun, powder-flask, courier-bag, and other places.

A little girl, daughter of a clergyman, being left one day to "tend door," and, obeying a summons of the bell, she found a gentleman on the steps who wished to see her father. "Father isn't in," she said, but, if it's any thing about your soul, I can attend to you. I know the whole plan of salvation."

There is a hotel in California composed of ten immense hollow trees, standing a few feet apart. The largest of these is sixty-five feet around, and is used as a bar and kitchen. For bedchambers there are nine great hollow trees, whitewashed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leading stump, dubbed "the library."

A woman, an infant, and a bottle of milk, caused a great commotion on an Indiana train the other day, when it was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. The bottle dropped out of the window, the mother frantically pulled the bell-cord, stopped the train, and wanted the conductor to go back after the babe's lost sustenance. The brute didn't go.

Colonel Forney writes to the *Washington Chronicle* that "Boston is unquestionably the best-managed city in America, mainly because there is very little politics in its administration, a severe system of finance, a police extending over the State, and a rigid attendance at the primary elections by prominent men."

A correspondent thinks it extraordinary that, although it is some thousands of years since men began to moderate by artificial means the cold of winter, we still lack appliances for reducing the sometimes more intolerable heat of summer.

George Augustus Sala writes that "in no country in the world are so many men of shining talent, of noble mind, of refined taste, buried alive as in the United States."

Josh Billings says, very truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

A letter from London says: "English habits of life are all based on the assumption that the climate is cold and ungenial; but it is amazing that, after a succession of broiling summers, they should still wear thick black coats and chimney-pot hats in July and August."

Botanists are endeavoring to introduce and acclimate in Europe a plant of New Granada, which will be a valuable acquisition to manufacturers of ink. The juice, or sap, is at first of a reddish tint, but in a few hours becomes intensely black. It may be used without preparation.

A large number of parties of ladies traveling without masculine companions have visited Boston of late. They number from two to six persons, and experience no difficulty whatever, as everybody treats them with much consideration.

Mr. Stanton, the husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is a Greeley man. Mr. Gage, the husband of Mrs. Joslyn Gage, is also a Greeley man. Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Gage are both Grant men.

Iron shingles have been recently patented, and are said to be less expensive than slate. They are made about six by thirteen inches in size, and fastened by headless nails.

Thackeray speaks of "the delightful leaf of Havana," and declares that cigars beget quiet conversations, good-humor, and meditation.

In the diamond-regions of South Africa people find diamonds in the gizzards of their chickens.

More people have been killed by lightning in England this summer than has ever been known before.

Twelve hundred pounds of tomatoes grew on a single vine in California.

Germany lost just 183,078 officers and men in the late war with France.

There are six ordained women-pastors in the Universalist Church of the United States.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 183, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

	PAGE		PAGE
DAVID LIVINGSTONE. (With Portrait.) By George M. Towle.....	337	LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapters LV. and LVI.	
GARDEE LA FOI. By Marion W. Wayne.....	339	By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life."	356
AN OPEN QUESTION. A Novel. Chapters XXV. and XXVI.		A FEW WORDS ABOUT CHESS. By Daniel E. Hervey.....	358
(With an Illustration.) By James De Mille, author of "The		TABLE-TALK.....	360
Lady of the Ice," "The American Baron," etc.....	347	CORRESPONDENCE.....	361
THE LAST WORDS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Lucy H. Hooper.	351	MISCELLANY.....	362
THE OLD FORT IN NEW YORK. (With Illustrations.) By John		FOREIGN ITEMS.....	363
D. Champlin, Jr.....	352	VARIETIES.....	364

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